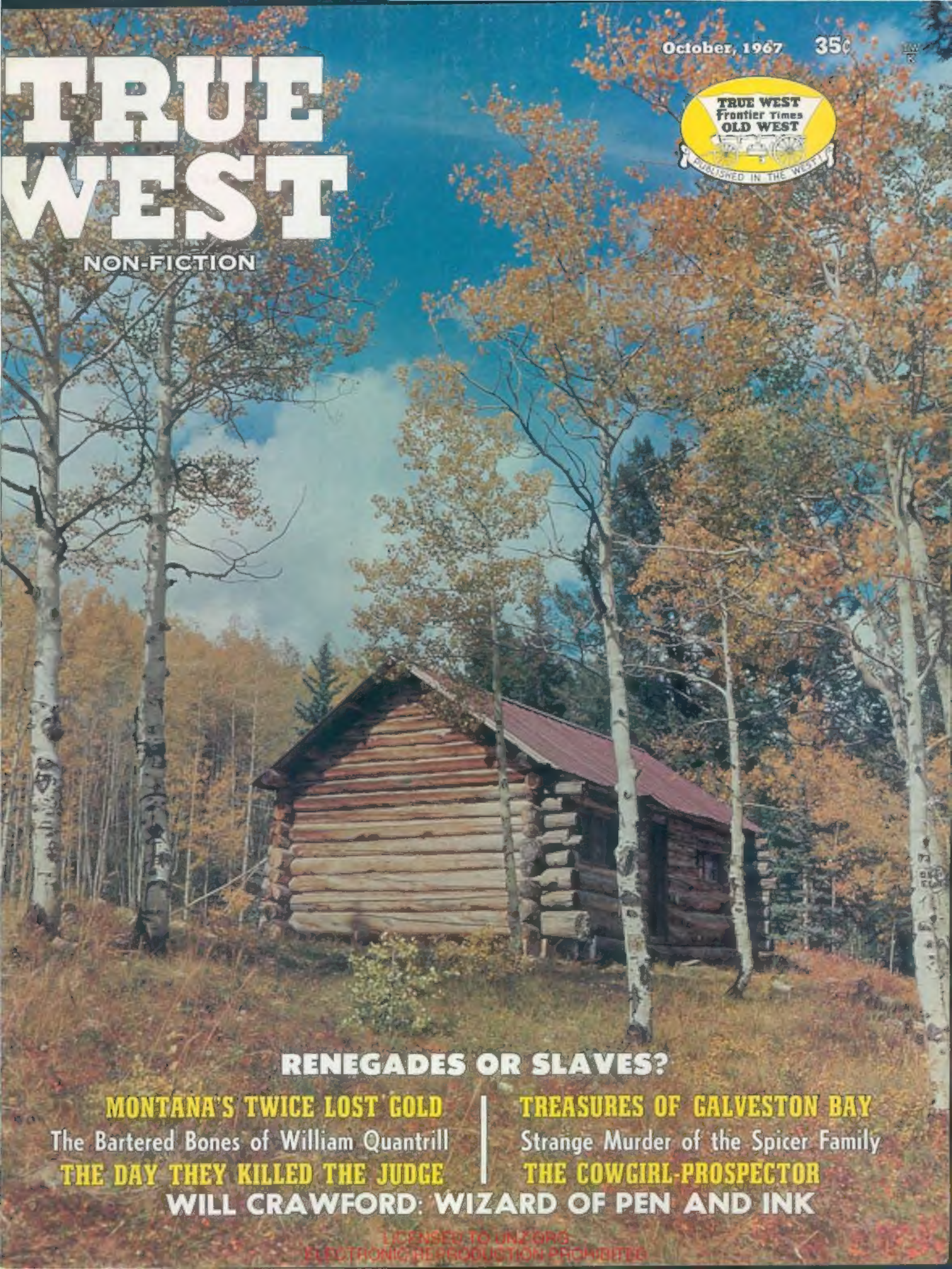

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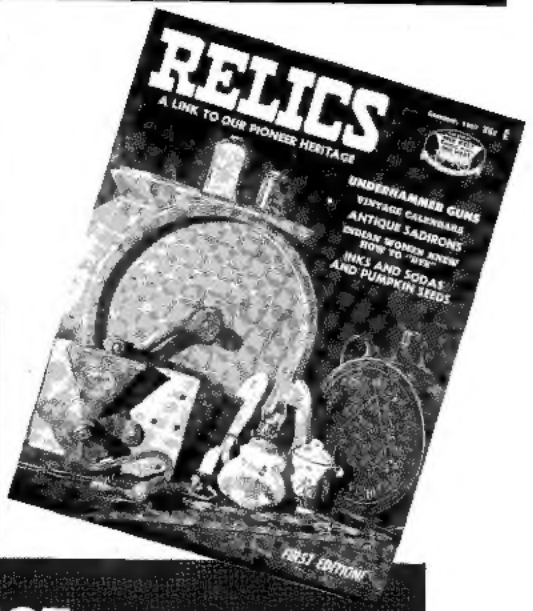

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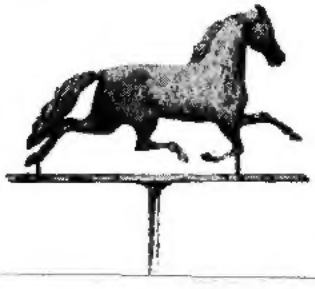

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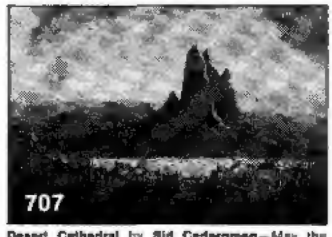

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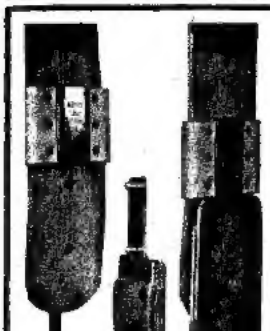

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September-October, 1967
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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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YOUR PRIVATE BOOGER

I was going to write an editorial this issue, but ran across this one written nearly forty-five years ago that about sums up all I was going to say. It was written by J. E. Grinstead, publisher of *Grinstead's Graphic* which was put out years ago over in Kerrville, Texas. Pam Grinstead, son of J. E., furnished us a copy and we believe you'll enjoy it. Looks like folks ain't made a durn bit of progress about worrying and stewing over nothing.—Hosstail

LIKE AS NOT, there'll be people read this that don't even know they have a private booger. A lot of them will swear they know what "psychotherapeutics" means. All right, all right! We won't argue and quarrel. You say it means doctoring the mind to cure the body. The doctor will tell you a lot of junk about the power of mind over matter, and that sort of thing. When the whole thing is boiled right down to the cold facts, it is treatment for the malady of seeing boogers. No, not for mental derangement, at all. It is the treatment for the boogers we actually see.

We'll take a hypothetical case. Mrs. Aspirin J. Bottle gets sick. She can't sleep, her food doesn't digest, she has headache, and a serious complication of other troubles. She calls in Dr. Clinic L. Hypo. This gentleman is a wise guy. He knows all about the power of mind over matter. He knows there is no physical reason why Mrs. Bottle should be all messed up like this. She is only thirty-five, is built like a trotting horse, nothing the matter with her lungs, heart or kidneys. Ought to eat her feed up clean three times a day, and be able to do her mile in 2:30 flat—you know what I mean. The trouble is that she don't do her mile at all, but is a sick woman.

Doc gives her the once over, and stalls for time. Here is a woman that is being scared to death. She's got a private booger. The scare is not going to stop her heart from beating, suddenly. What it is going to do is this—it is going to keep right on nagging at her mind until she becomes a nervous wreck, unless she can satisfy herself that it is not a booger at all, and eventually the constant nagging will develop some one of her ailments to a point where irreparable physical or mental damage may be done. Possibly both of these.

Now, y'understand, I'm not scientific, and I don't know what percentage of all the cases doctors are called in to see are victims of boogers. Cut out childbirth and broken bones, and probably sixty to ninety per cent of the rest are boogers. The doctor is always handicapped. Unless he is an old family physician, and knows all the private affairs of his patient, he is often helpless in the matter of finding the booger. You never called it that, of course. You always say, "I was worried." True enough, but what worried you? Nothing on earth ever worried anybody, except fear! You know that, as well as I do. I don't mean cowardice, I mean fear.

THERE is every shade and graduation of fear. It may be the big fear that a husband or a wife will find out something that it would be better for them not to know. It may be fear on a woman's part, that she will not be given the proper rating in the social world. Or it may be some little thing that would be pitiful to anyone else, some mistake that has been made, or something of that kind. The big things, when discovery is imminent, are the acute boogers; and the little things that recur from time to time are the little chronic boogers.

There is Coue, and the scientists, and a whole list of people who believe in various cults of curing without medicine. I lay it down as a pretty safe proposition that a real malady cannot be cured without some remedy to aid nature. On the other hand, if all the cases of unreal afflictions—boogers—were cured without the assistance of a doctor, half the medical colleges would close. In a word, the greater number of real maladies that physicians treat are maladies that sprang from the nagging of fear.

They call it nervous tension. That, in fact, is nothing more nor less than fear. Fear that something will be done, or that it will not be done. Fear that one will miss a train. Fear that by some accident one will be late for work. Fear that the employer does not know how well one is earning his money, the fear that creates envy, all kinds of little nagging fears. They lurk in the minds of men and women that we call fearless, men and women who actually *are* fearless so far as physical cowardice is concerned.

If you are an old man or woman, and have a quaint little zoological garden already filled with a choice selection of boogers, such as knowing the house will burn down while you are gone to church, or that the baby has fallen in the well, when you know the top of the well is nailed down, and thousands of other little boogers; well, I say if you are old and already have this layout, there is not much hope for you. On the other hand, if you are not already ruined by your private menagerie of boogers, get busy at once and kill off as many as you can.

A good way to handle the graver boogers is like this. Say, "Now here's a booger. Is it serious enough that I'll be killed if it gets out?" If it is, and only one other person knows it, get the hatchet, the shotgun, or a hatpin, and go kill him. Then promptly forget all about it. True, you may worry afterward because you're a murderer, but I can't go that far into the matter.

If it is some small matter, like being afraid that some fellow thinks you are afraid of him, don't let the matter go on until it ruins your digestion. Catch him out on the street some time, when you have on your old clothes and don't give a dang, and find out! Whichever way the battle goes, you will never be troubled about it anymore, and you can go right on eating a regular full meal at night. Possibly, in a few months, you will gain enough weight to lick him after all!

THOSE are just two examples of the simple manner in which people can dispose of all their worries and fears. There is just one fear that there is no remedy for. When a patient worries because he has nothing to worry about. When he is afraid that he has lost interest in life, and is a dead one, there is no remedy—except fishing, maybe.

The consensus of medical opinion is that were it not for private boogers to create real maladies, the doctors would all starve. Instead of new diseases being constantly discovered, by all reasonable rules, under the direction and care of modern science, disease should be almost unknown. We even hear people talking of the good old days when there was no disease because the people lived clean lives. They didn't do anything of the kind. You know that, even within your lifetime, if you are more than fifty years old, in those same good old days people in this country, which is certainly an average of enlightenment, were positively filthy and unsanitary as compared to present standards of living. In the light of the present-day science of surgery, it is a wonder that a wound ever healed in those good old days.

No, we are not getting to be a stronger and healthier people. The fact is, we are developing new maladies faster than the greatest surgeons and scientists in all the history of the world can combat them. You may say, "Suppose a fellow *has* got a private booger, it's not a communicable disease." It ain't, ain't it? Suppose some fellow is right with you every day. Suppose he has got a private booger that makes him do things that would drive a wooden Indian to drink. Think that wouldn't affect you after a while? Probably make a murderer of you. If it didn't do that, it would make you hate the fellow with the booger. Then you would have caught the most virulent form of fear in all the world. You would have a private booger of your own, and you would have caught it from him!

But, as I said, I'm not scientific. I just wanted to call your attention to boogers. Most of us have one or two. Let's you and me determine to pick out a nice, gentle, harmless booger. Suppose we say the fear that people can spot

(Continued on page 48)

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Truly Western

Stage Drivers

Dear Sir:

The article about Jack Morrow by Nina Hull Miller in the August, 1966 issue was of special interest to me. Jack Morrow was a native of my own hometown back in Washington, Pennsylvania. While Jack Morrow had no direct descendants, there are a number of Morrows still living in Pennsylvania.

All of the members of the family, except Jack Morrow, were respectable citizens. Jack Morrow was the black sheep of the family. Down through the years, I heard tales of Jack Morrow that were black enough to make the devil look like a saint. Of course, I admit none of those tales lost anything in the telling when carried over the miles from the Far West.

Jack Morrow, born John Andrew Morrow on April 12, 1831, was the son of John Morrow, a prominent wagon maker. He made good wagons. Norton McGiffin, a Washington soldier who fought under General Scott in the Mexican War, said he saw army wagons on the streets of Mexico City with the legend, "Mfg. by John Morrow, Washington, Pa.," painted on the sides.

I do not know when Jack Morrow went West, but it must have been in the latter 1840s. He did quite a bit of trading with the Indians, probably using merchandise he had "borrowed" from freight wagons, as described by Mrs. Miller. His ranch evidently was an important point on the Overland Trail. I have consulted old records in the Washington, Pennsylvania Cemetery, and with the help of Thomas M. Crosby, the superintendent, I found that Jack Morrow died of phneumonia in Omaha, on July 7, 1876. His remains were shipped back to his native town and buried in the Washington Cemetery in Lot 16-19, Section E, in which are the graves of twenty-four Morrows.

The records also show that his wife, Agnes Jane Morrow, died July 11, 1881, and was buried beside her husband. She was born March 28, 1842. I suppose that she lived in Omaha after his death, but I am not certain.

When Mrs. William Christman, Jack Morrow's niece, celebrated her ninetieth birthday, I was working on the Washington *Reporter*, and went to her home to get a story. Ronald Christman, her grandson, a photographer on the same newspaper, went with me. Hanging in her living room was a large oil painting of Agnes Jane Morrow. Ronald made a copy for me. I am inclined to believe that this was the first white wife mentioned by Mrs. Miller. If she had been

Agnes Jane Morrow, wife of the infamous Jack Morrow. This painting hangs in Washington, Pennsylvania.

the white wife he married in 1875 there would hardly have been time to make the painting before Jack Morrow died. I am inclined to believe that Agnes Jane Morrow was his only white wife.

How did the painting get from Omaha to Washington, Pennsylvania? I am of the opinion that she took Jack Morrow's body to Washington for burial, and then remained there until her own death five years later.

I have also just finished reading the article by William B. Secrest, "The Men Who Handled the Ribbons," and I wish to state that it is by far the best article I have ever read on California stage drivers. Mr. Secrest should write a book on that subject. Here is a question I would like to ask him. Did he ever hear of a California stage driver known as "Yuba Bill"?

There were many top notch stage drivers back in the days of staging on the National Pike during the period from 1820 when the pike was completed between Baltimore and Wheeling, Virginia, until passenger travel ceased in 1854. After their occupation was gone in the east, many of those stage drivers went west, some as far as California.

One of the principal towns of the National Pike in Pennsylvania was Washington, and on its main street lived Rebecca Harding, who later became Rebecca Harding Davis.

During her girlhood, Rebecca Harding knew many of the stage coach drivers who daily passed her home. I cannot recall the name of this driver, but I will call him John Smith. Among all of those stage drivers he was the only one who could drive a coach at top speed down the east slope of Wheeling Hill and make the hairpin curve at the bottom without upsetting the stage.

In the 1870s or early 1880s Rebecca Harding Davis was traveling in California. While on a stage trip through the mountains, she recognized the driver, known as "Yuba Bill," as the John Smith she had known in her girlhood. Mrs. Davis and "Yuba Bill" had old home week reminiscing of years long gone.—Earle R. Forrest, 305 Oak Street, San Marino, California 91108.

Wyoming Lore Needed

Dear Sir:

This is a plea for help. I am trying desperately to compile a history on the Johnson and Sheridan Counties of Wyoming before the stories are lost forever and hope that the readers of your magazines can be of assistance to me. Any old photograph and information they and their friends might contribute will be greatly appreciated. If they wish their photos returned I will copy them and see that they are returned. I can learn much from the backgrounds in pictures. Most any photo will be helpful.

As far as is known, there were no pictures taken at Fort Phil Kearney or the Dull Knife Fight but any information or photos of the people involved will be quite welcome. I would also like to locate the book *An American Saga: Fort Phil Kearney* by Dee Brown.

Thank you, and may I say we find your magazines most delightful.—Mrs. A. J. Cooksley, Lower Piney Creek Rd., Ucross Rt., Clearmont, Wyoming 82835.

Where Life Was Hard

Dear Sirs:

I have read your publications for years and there are no better magazines. But I have never read anything on the early settlers who homesteaded in the boglands of northern Minnesota.

My parents were Gustav Adolph and Dora Bangs, hard working Norwegians, who settled there before World War I. Oh, the misery on that homestead! The flies and mosquitoes—floods and fires—with all the family out clearing land. The bitter fifty-below winters and no windbreak. This was about forty miles from the Canadian line and five miles from Red Lake.

Mother Nature has now reclaimed it, because all the settlers left beaten, and the land has become a game reserve. My twin brother Glenes and I have gone back and hunted deer now and then.

I do wish I could hear from anyone who lived in that God forsaken country at one time.—Gladys Hinsley, 1430 Temple Avenue, Long Beach, California.

A Good Deed

Dear Sir:

As I am something of a long-line skinner, donkey spanker and a kind-hearted man, I make Old Ned help Old Sam, and I thought you might like this little story to go along with the others you have. Walter Hoskins, in 1905, left

(Continued on page 65)

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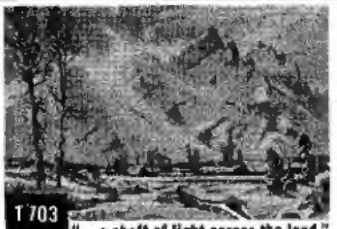
PICK FOR '67 FROM THE **BEST** IN FULL COLOR
WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS

T 701 **Greetings, Folks** — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to your outfit from ours — **by John Hampton**

T 702 **Christmas Eve in the West** — May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Mel Warren**



T 703 **"...a shaft of light across the land."** — With every good wish for Christmas and the New Year — **Conrad Schwiering**

T 704 **"...the lights of friendship."** — Once again it's time to greet the friends etc. — Merry Christmas — **by C. Nicles**

T 705 **Solitude** — May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and your Treasure through all the Year — **by Gerard Curtis Delano**

T 707 **Sleighbells in Christmas Tree Land** — Greeting is a cheery, appropriate 4 line verse — **by Roy Kerswill**

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T 721 **"The light has come into the world..."** — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Paris**

T 724 **Packin' Home for Christmas** — Greeting is an appropriate, merry and cheerful western verse — **by Stanley Long**

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T 631 **Memories of a Frontier Christmas** — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **by Jean Wilson**

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RENEGADES

By WAYNE MONTGOMERY
From a diary by John Blane
discovered in 1946

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

BY PREARRANGEMENT Ellis Williams met me in Petersburg, Illinois, on the first of April, 1867. Since small children we had planned to go West. Had we known what was in store for us we would have turned back.

We were now eighteen years old and had reached full maturity. Ellis was a bigger man than me in stature. He was over six feet tall and about two hundred pounds. I was five feet ten inches and about one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

Prior to this meeting we had been hampered by lack of funds. But Ellis' grandfather had passed away and left him considerable money and land. When we met, the first thing he said was, "John, are you ready to go?"

"Go where?" I asked.

"Why, out West," he replied. And he continued, "I will lend you the necessary money and when we strike it rich you can repay me."

I didn't have to think it over, so I said, "I am ready when you are."

Against the advice of all of our relatives we began making preparations for the trip. We bought two of the finest riding horses money could buy. They were big, high strung, and could run like a deer. We decided to buy our supplies when we reached St. Louis; we had heard about new Winchester rifles that held eighteen rounds of ammunition, and breech-loading revolvers that held six rounds.

On April 10, we set out for St. Louis about as happy as two youngsters could be; we were on our own at long last. We had just about everything we needed except experience, and that we would get. We were both expert rifle and pistolmen, having spent most of our time hunting along a nearby river. This hunting and shooting proved invaluable to us later on.

When we arrived in St. Louis we found the city alive with activity. It looked to us as though every person in the East was headed out to make a new start in life.

We bought ourselves two repeating Winchester carbines, two breech-loading revolvers, two fine horses, and other supplies we thought we'd need. Early one fine morning we set out for Kansas City, Missouri.

At Boonville we almost met with our undoing. Ellis and me went to a saloon for a few drinks, and Ellis got into a gambling game which ended in a fight when Ellis accused the gambler of cheating. When the man jumped up from the table, Ellis cracked him with a punch that put him flat on his back. He came back shooting and Ellis killed him. Ellis was not arrested but we were ordered to leave town immediately. We swore to each other to keep out of trouble in the future.

We moved on to Kansas City without mishap. We didn't tarry long there; the place was alive with outlaws, scum of the earth. A man had to keep an eye on his belongings every minute or they would be stolen. The killing by Ellis had preceded us so we were left pretty much

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or SLAVES?

Did these two headstrong boys turn Injun—or were they truly captives? When one was an old and respected man, he decided to state his case

alone. A lawman visited us and advised us that we'd better not stay too long, because the man we killed had many friends along the river. This didn't scare us unduly but we immediately set out for Fort Riley. We cut the edge of Lawrence and this place was full of riff-raff, too, so we moved on.

We spent two days in Riley. We were advised to keep on the lookout for hostiles. They would attack a small outfit without warning.

We consulted an old Indian scout before leaving and he gave us this advice: "Don't let them Indians come in under a flag of truce. If you do they'll kill you. When they get into shootin' distance open up on them, kill one or two, and they'll likely leave you alone. You won't run into a big band of Indians, just small bands. A big band you can see away off, but a small band you can't, so be on your guard and shoot to kill. Don't waste your ammunition."

So we set out for Denver and the gold fields. We met some folks going and some returning. The ones returning cussed the West and advised us to go back. But we kept on.

ABOUT five days out of Fort Riley we noticed that we were being followed by eight Indians. We rode into a gully for safekeeping of our horses and got into position to fight. We got into a prone position with rifles and revolvers at our side and waited. When they saw what we were about, they grouped and held a confab. It wasn't long till here they came, yelling and screaming. This was to scare us into doing something foolish.

They parted and rode on each side. We pumped more lead at them than possibly they'd ever seen. We killed one and put two afoot who were picked up by the others. They held another confab and this time they all came right at us from the front. We killed two and put two more afoot. One rode right into us; when he was close enough he jumped Ellis.

I figured Ellis could handle him so I kept up a steady fire at the others. Evidently the others were supposed to follow him but decided not to. When I turned, Ellis had literally broken this buck's back. We wanted to kill him to get him out of his misery but lacked the nerve. We gave him a big drink of whiskey and left him for the others. We could see that the fight was taken out of them.

The plains were so continuous that we began to think we were riding in a circle. But finally after many days we saw the peaks of mountains and we knew we were on the right track. About a half-day out of Denver we were confronted by four Indians. They stopped in front of us, perhaps one hundred yards away. They were lined up four abreast. We immediately drew our rifles on them. One of them spoke a little broken English, and said he wanted to powwow. We told him in no uncertain terms for them to remain where they were; if they moved we'd immediately kill two of them.

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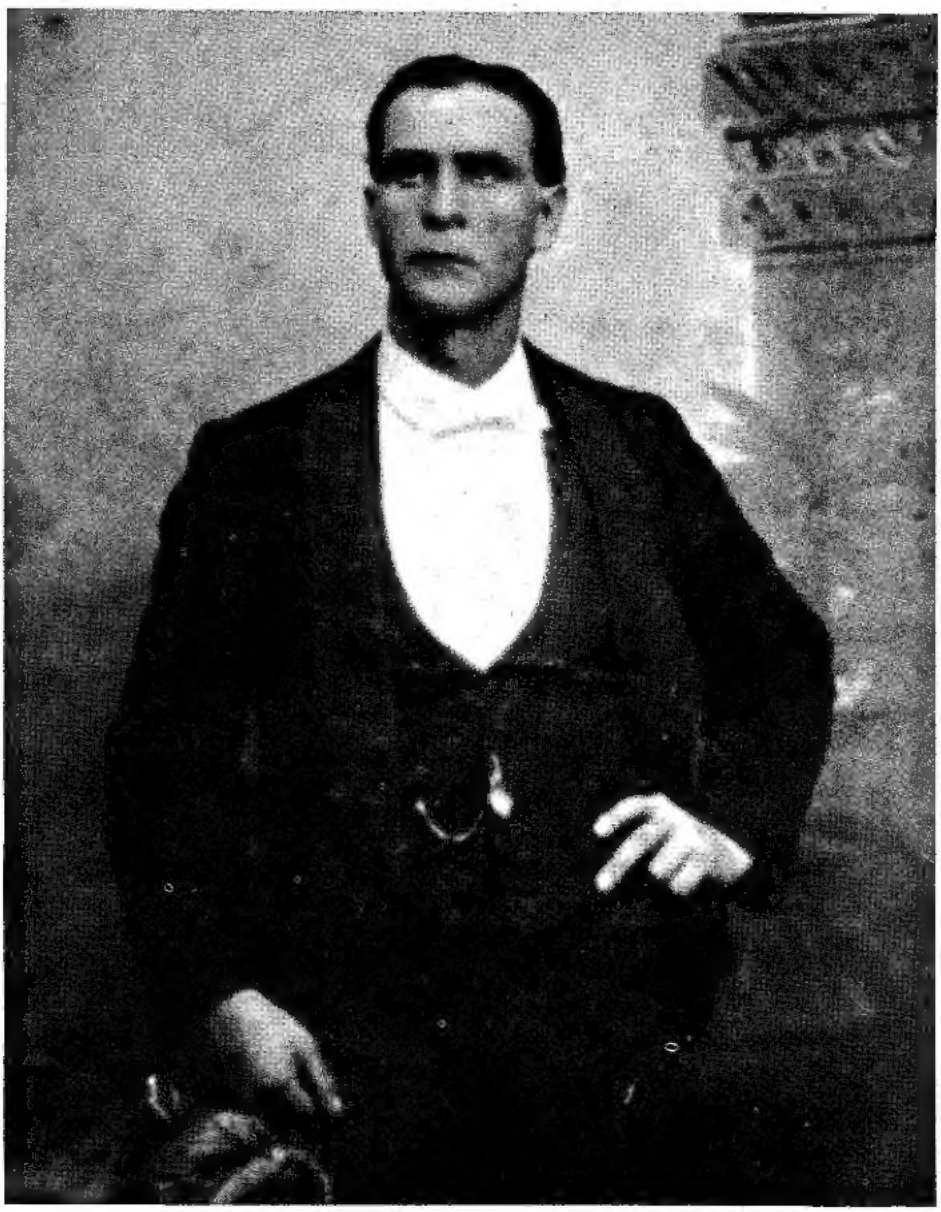

Courtesy Author

John Blane, about 1900

They said if we gave them whiskey, food, and I don't know what else, they would allow us to pass. Otherwise they would kill us and take all. We fired a few shots into the ground and this caused them to take off to some distance. We moved on but kept our eyes on them. But we had no fight; they decided to call it off. After all, two were armed with bows, one had an old rifle, and the other a revolver.

We hit the outskirts of Denver and were amazed at the tents, old shacks, wagons, and people everywhere. We rode on into the main section where we saw some new brick buildings and the makings of a beautiful city.

Here we replenished our supplies, then headed for Central City. Everything here was hustle and bustle. Gold was all you could hear. We decided after some talk with miners to go to Fairplay.

Work was plentiful there, at wages we never dreamed of. But like everybody else we wanted to dig gold, not toil for another man. One day we were basking in the sunshine of a saloon porch when we were approached by an elderly man. He asked if we were looking for work. We promptly informed him no. He sat down and told us his troubles. He figured he had a good mine, but he couldn't hire help and was too old to work it alone.

We told the old gentleman a little of ourselves. Then he offered us a third interest of everything that was taken from the mine. One third between the two of us. We immediately accepted. All we had to do was to help him work the claim. We knew at his age he couldn't do much, but it was worth a try; we hadn't invested anything and couldn't lose anything.

We built a one-room shack out of lumber and poles; it served to keep out the rain and cold. When it rained it got cold regardless of the time of year.

We worked until about the first of December. The weather became bitter, and Mr. Simpson announced that he was going east for the winter, and made us promise to return and help in the spring. We promised, then decided to go to Santa Fe, New Mexico. He had given us a little over $2,000 apiece. We were rich and decided to live like kings during the winter.

WE PACKED our animals and headed for Trinidad, Colorado. It was a tough trip due to the weather. We kept away from the mountains, and this helped some. About ten miles out of Trinidad we stopped at a mining camp for a bottle of whiskey and came near losing our horses and equipment.

I went into the saloon for the whiskey, and left Ellis with the horses. You couldn't take your eye off animals for one minute. While he waited there, a voice from behind said, "Drop the lines and back up this way. Don't make a wrong move or I'll kill you."

Another man ran out and grabbed the lines. When I got the whiskey, nature called me and I went out back. I didn't return through the saloon but came around the side. Just as I got to the front corner, I heard this man tell Ellis to back up. I drew my revolver and just about the time I cleared the corner, he turned on me.

He figured that I would come back out the front and he would corral me too. The light from the door was more on him than me. As he raised his rifle on me I fired, the slug hitting him square in the chest. I could see the blood as he fell.

Ellis jerked his revolver and snapped a shot at the man who held the lines. The man hit for the brush across the road and didn't stop.

I took a look at the man and he was a Mexican and he was dead. Several men poured from the saloon only to be stopped by a few shots into the porch. We didn't intend to hit any of them, just scare them. They got back inside pronto.

We mounted and had gotten probably two miles away when we discovered several men on our trail. We stopped and waited, but kept mounted. When they were about one hundred yards off we opened up on them and they scattered like so many chickens. That was the last of them.

We spent very little time in Trinidad and headed for Raton, New Mexico. Raton was only a mining camp so we just rode through and didn't stop. We couldn't make much time due to our pack horses. The second day out of Raton we spotted two Indians riding down on a wagon. We left our pack horses and rode to cut them off. They saw us before we were close enough to fire, and wheeled off. We rode to the wagon, which was occupied by a man, woman, and two small children. They didn't seem frightened. The man said he had a shotgun in the back of the wagon. We tried to explain how dangerous it was and about the two Indians; they didn't seem to comprehend this at all.

We camped with them that night. After dark Ellis said, "John, I think we better watch that road for a while. I figure those two devils aren't through."

We walked back down the road to a rise, stepped off to the side, and waited. Then we saw them; they were afoot, running in a crouch, jumping from bush

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to bush. They came on real slow as they got close. I believe they thought we had ridden on or they wouldn't have attacked at night.

When they were about fifty yards off and in the road, we opened up on them. It was moonlight and we could see them plain. They both went down. One didn't move but the other tried to run off. I could see he was hit.

I ran behind him and bashed out his brains with the rifle butt. We dragged both back to camp just to show these unsuspecting people what they were up against. This convinced them, and frightened them out of their wits. They begged us to stay with them until they came to a little town; I disremember the name. We dragged the two bodies out where the varmints were sure to find them. This seems cruel, but think of what they'd have done to that family.

WE LEFT this family at a settlement and headed for Santa Fe. It was a wild, wide-open town with very little law supervision. We rented a small 'dobe house and hired a Mexican man and woman to care for it and the horses. *Horses had to* be kept under lock and key.

We spent more time in the saloons than we did at the house, but it was nice to have a place to go to once in a while. We gambled, drank and, before spring had set in, had built ourselves an unfavorable reputation as fighters. People left us pretty well alone. One thing in our favor was that we were always together. This kept someone from sticking a knife in one of us while in a brawl.

I give these stories of our activities so as not to give the impression that we are trying to pass ourselves off as saints. But I do maintain that we kept ourselves honest. We didn't go into crooked deals although we were propositioned many times.

When spring arrived we headed back for our claim at Fairplay, Colorado. Much to our surprise when we arrived there, we found two strange men working the claim. They said they had purchased the mine from Mr. Simpson.

This didn't sound like Mr. Simpson, so we hired a lawyer and investigated. Nowhere did we find any record of this business transaction. With the aid of friends we took our case to court and proved our ownership of the claim.

The two refused to move so we threw them off. Several miners gathered with a rope, intent on hanging these two. Then both tried to lay the blame on the other for killing Mr. Simpson. Claim-jumping was a serious matter, but murder was worse. They were placed in jail at Fairplay. When they bribed the jailer to let them escape, a posse was waiting for them. They were shot and killed. This was considered mountain justice.

We worked this claim three years—or rather when we went broke, we'd work until we got a stake, then we'd go out and spend it. We could have gone home right then as rich men had we used our heads.

After three years we sold out to a Kansas City mining company. We received about $4,000, a paltry sum compared to what we could have had.

Courtesy Author

Ellis Williams and his wife, circa 1885

WE RETURNED to Santa Fe, and once there we were soon broke. We worked at about everything. Herding cattle, digging ditches, and many other unsuitable jobs.

Then the law moved into Santa Fe; that is, to a certain extent. Many saloons were closed because murder was becoming commonplace. When a shooting occurred in a saloon it was usually closed, for a time anyway.

A saloon owner offered Ellis and me the job of keeping out the trouble makers. All we had to do was to sit around at night and when one of the riffraff showed up, ask him to leave and if he refused throw him out. This job paid well and after a few days we didn't have any rough customers. The place operated in peace to an extent. When a man came in armed, as most men did, we immediately disarmed him. He could stay without his guns or take them and leave.

One night a man whom we knew slightly came into this saloon where we worked. He was loaded with gold dust and he proceeded to get every man in the place drunk. We were all excited, because raw gold was not too common in Santa Fe. Ellis and me finally got the chance to talk to him and he told us where he had obtained this dust. He gave us the location.

Bright and early the next morning we set out for the diggings he had described to us. The place was about fifty miles east of Santa Fe. We made camp the first day at dusk. Before we had a chance to unsaddle we were attacked by a band of Apaches. We didn't have a chance to make a fight so we mounted and ran.

We could have easily outrun them, but Ellis' horse was shot out from under him and he was taken prisoner. I watched from a distance to try and see what they were going to do with him.

Two bucks were dispatched to do me in. But I didn't do easily. I just sat my horse and waited until they were about

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Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

Encampment at the Mescalero Agency in New Mexico

100 yards away then I opened up on them. I killed one and set the other afoot, but before I could finish him, he was rescued by his companions.

I followed them at a safe distance but when darkness set in, they lost me. I rode the trails for two weeks but failed to locate an Apache camp. I thought perhaps I could make a deal with them if they were holding Ellis for ransom. This practice was becoming quite common among these small bands. But I failed miserably.

One day while riding along looking back over my shoulder with regularity, as all riders did in this country, I saw dust some distance off. I pulled my horse off the trail into the brush and waited. When they came into view, I saw they were two Apaches. I decided to let them pass and to follow them. Then I saw a white girl of about ten years mounted behind one of the Indians. This changed my plans considerably.

I had my carbine ready so I took a bead on the one with the girl. My horse snorted at the smell of the Apaches. They both stopped stock still and waited. I aimed right at this buck's ear and pulled the trigger. He fell, taking the girl with him; the other took off and I shot his horse and set him afoot. I yelled to the child to wait—I was her friend. But she ran like a deer.

RIGHT HERE I came closer to being killed than at any time since coming to New Mexico. This buck ran behind a rock, so I pulled my revolver and rode up with caution.

Stepping from behind the rock, he threw a hand hatchet at me. It just grazed the side of my head, drawing a little blood. I immediately shot him to death, then went back and retrieved the hatchet. It was a household type and as sharp as a razor.

I rode back to the child, who was frightened to death. I took her on my horse and told her she was safe. She said that her folks were waiting in Santa Fe, that she had come out west with friends of the family. She said the Indians had killed them all and burned the wagons. I assured her that I would see that she reached her family.

I took her to a ranch about ten miles off, and turned her over to a Mrs. Jarvis.

Mr. Jarvis, whom I knew to be a coward and an Indian trader, asked me the story. He became very upset and wanted to know what the devil I had brought her there for. He said he was on good terms with those Apaches and if they found those bodies they'd track me to his ranch as sure as hell.

I told Jarvis just what I expected of him and if he didn't do it I'd return and kill him. I said, "When those Indians come, you tell them that I rode in, got some food and left. I'll leave a good trail for them to follow. And if you say one word about the child, I'll tack your hide to the side of the barn for all to see." I choked him a little to be sure he understood. Mrs. Jarvis promised to get the girl back to her folks.

I rode off some distance and hid in the brush. I didn't have long to wait. As he said, they followed me to the ranch. In a few minutes they rode out, right on my trail. I rode into the rocks and later lost them, or they just quit, because they were the greatest trackers in the world.

I followed them to their camp and hid out. I watched for two days, for what I didn't know, but soon made up my mind. The third morning most of the Indians rode off on a foray, leaving some old men in camp. When they left, I rode in close to try to capture a squaw. A bunch of young boys rode by playing some sort of a game; and I watched. When one rode out from the rest, I rode him down, grabbed him by his filthy hair, and threw him to the ground. I put a knife at his throat, and said in Mexican that I knew he understood, "Don't make a sound or I'll cut off your head."

THIS BOY was about twelve years old and frightened out of his wits. I asked him if they held a white man in their camp, and after I pricked him with the knife he nodded his head. I told him to do as I told him and he wouldn't be harmed, otherwise I'd cut off his arms and legs and carry them away. Indians believed that if they were not buried in one piece or all together they would not reach the great beyond, or whatever they called it.

"You call one of your companions," I said. "Tell him that I am holding you captive; for two old men unarmed to bring white man then I will turn you loose unharmed. Otherwise they will not see you again."

I had to try it; it might work. I waited for some time, then I saw two old Indians bring the worst looking white man that I had ever seen. Long hair, long beard, ragged clothes, and starved half to death. It was Ellis. I told them to turn him loose; they complied and when I had him mounted and I had mounted behind, I turned the lad loose. They stood and watched us ride away.

I took Ellis to a trader that I knew to be honest, bought him clothing, cut his hair and beard. After a bath in the river, and delousing with salve I had bought, he looked almost as he always had. But much thinner.

We camped in a safe spot near the trading post, close to a detachment of soldiers. We built us a big fire and sat and talked for hours. Finally Ellis said, "John, I'm ready to go home. You do whatever you wish but I have had enough of this wasteland. We have been out here almost six years and the only thing we have to show for it is a bad reputation. Back home we can live this down."

I didn't have to think it over so I said, "Ellis, we have been through thick and thin together. I can't imagine living out here without you, so I am ready."

It was decided right there that we should return home. The next day we rode to Santa Fe, drew what little money we had with the express office, and sold everything we possessed except our weapons.

The night before we were to leave, I got into a poker game and won $3,000. I split this with Ellis, as part of what I owed him. Actually this was the first time either one of us had won any amount since coming west.

We bought tickets for Raton. While waiting for the stage we were joined by a lady and her six-year-old daughter. She expressed an insane fear of being captured by the Indians. We assured her that she was in no danger, we were both armed as were the guards, and her fear was unfounded.

We left Santa Fe, settling back in our seats for a long, tiresome trip. We had been over this trail on horseback and knew what it was.

A good set of stage horses could usually outrun a band of Indians, but the danger lay in how intelligent they were. They would usually ride in behind the stage and try to outrun and out-shoot the people on the stage, but I know of cases where they would pile rocks in the road so the stage would have to stop. Even so, the drivers could generally run them off, especially if they were armed with Winchesters as most of them were at that time. The Indians were usually poorly armed and poorly mounted. If an Indian got hold of a good horse he'd ruin him in a week from the lack of proper care.

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WE MADE IT fine until dusk. The driver then made a serious mistake, but he was in charge and nothing we could say would change him. He stopped at a creek to let the horses water and blow. We got down from the stage to stretch our legs. The lady had taken the child behind some bushes. It was the only available facility at this spot.

We were definitely not on the alert. Ellis and me were sitting on the ground, the drivers were looking to the horses, then all at once as from out of nowhere we were surrounded by yelling, screaming Apaches. Had we been in the open and seen these Indians coming, we would have had a chance of fighting them off; but as it was, we had no chance to defend ourselves.

They knocked Ellis and me to the ground, stripping us of everything we possessed except the clothing we had on. They dragged the two drivers off some distance and murdered them. They searched the coach, then a scream went up from them all; they had found the gold dust that we didn't know was on the coach. These Indians knew that they could buy anything with this yellow stuff.

They cut loose the stage horses and ordered us to mount. I took the woman up with me and Ellis took the little girl. The woman couldn't have ridden alone. She was hysterical.

The young chief was a fine specimen of humanity, about six feet tall and would weigh about one hundred and eighty pounds. I could see he was not a full-blooded Apache. The others were about five feet six or eight and one hundred and fifty or sixty pounds.

He rode back and asked me if I spoke Mexican. I told him I did. He said, "Tell the lady to quit screaming, that no harm is to come to her. She is to be held for ransom." I told her and this helped some, but she was frightened out of her wits.

On the way, the Indians stopped at a trading post and bought whiskey. That night we camped along a stream. The Indians killed a deer and gave us a large piece which I roasted over a fire. But the woman and child would eat nothing. The young Indians celebrated; they danced and yelled most of the night.

The trading post we passed was operated by an unscrupulous American who would do anything for money. While there the lady begged him to help her. He just laughed and said, "You don't need any help, lady, you got all the help you need." This was a big joke to him. I made myself a promise to come back and kill him if I ever escaped from these devils.

During the celebration some of the Indians suggested that they bring the lady and make her dance. The young chief jumped up, grabbed this Indian by the hair, pulled his head back and said, "No harm is to come to her by orders of my father. If one man touches her or the child I'll gladly cut off his head." Nothing else was said about her.

The next day about noon we rode into the main camp. It was small—probably seventy-five people altogether. I was immediately taken to the chief. As near as we could translate, his name was "Great Bull."

He looked at me and grinned from ear to ear. Then turning to his son, "Young Bull," he said, "I know this man, he made me a good trade in Mexico for cows." I had been in Mexico but hadn't sold any cows, but I didn't let on; he seemed pleased.

Young Bull brought out paper and pencil. (I have been told that the pencil didn't exist at that time, but it did, although it was the first one I had seen.) I wrote as he suggested to the commanding officer of the soldiers. I wrote that the Apaches held the woman and child unharmed and wanted many cows and horses. Then I gave our location as near as I could. The old chief anticipated this, so he moved the camp.

While there I asked permission to milk one of his cows for the child, and said that white people could not eat food as cooked by the Indians. He laughed at this and said the white man was weak.

Much to my amazement he brought out a shotgun. He said it was an old lady's gun for rabbits. He brought twelve shells. He gave it to me and said it was to shoot rabbits with and not Indians. I gave my word that I would not shoot an Indian.

I went hunting and killed a badger. I had never eaten one but as hungry as we were, we were going to give it a try. Ellis roasted the badger and I milked a couple of cows for the child. We ate like hogs, Ellis and me, but the lady ate sparingly.

I WILL try to describe this camp. It was filthy. Bones of cooked animals everywhere; actually the ground was covered. The Indians were filthy. Their hair was long and matted with dirt and lice. Their clothing hung in shreds. They never took a bath. The only time they got wet was when it rained. Their homes consisted of poles covered with skins, and kept out nothing. When they cooked meat, which is about all they ate, they'd kill a beef and let it lie on the ground until it was half rotten, then they'd roast it partly done and eat it.

They gave us two miner's tents to live in. We moved to the edge of the camp by a stream. This got us away from the smell.

Three days later soldiers showed up with cattle and horses. The old chief was very disappointed and at first refused to let the woman and child go. Only a whispered conference with Young Bull persuaded him to let them leave. He told the soldiers to bring more for Ellis and me.

Two weeks later a man, woman and two children were brought in and turned over to us. The man went wild; he cursed the Indians and yelled like a maniac. He finally had to be subdued, tied hand and foot.

The chief sent for me and had me write another ransom note. But this time, instead of cows and horses as expected by Great Bull, soldiers struck the camp at daylight, killing several Indians. They rescued the woman and children but the man was killed.

The chief sent for me and accused me of writing the wrong request. I assured him that I had written it just as he told me. Nevertheless, he took our shotgun and restricted us to the camp proper. If it hadn't been for Young Bull, the old chief would have had us murdered.

Sometime later, four soldiers were brought in and tied to posts. Ellis and me tried in vain to talk to them, but they just spit at us and called us everything they could think of including "renegades." We knew by this that the Army would never ransom us.

I wrote the ransom note for the soldiers. And in a few days they were redeemed with cows and horses. But Ellis and I remained.

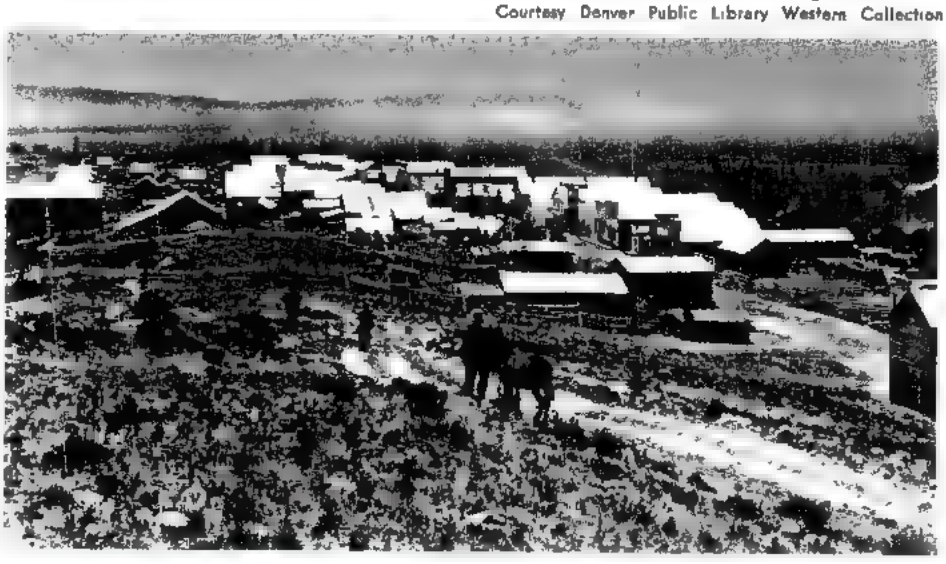
Sometime later a celebration was called by Great Bull prior to going on a raid. The Indians got drunk, danced, yelled and screamed most of the night. The young bucks, to prove their skill, played all kinds of games, including throwing knives at each other. They were supposed to catch the knife; some did, but others were badly cut.

Then the supreme test was put into effect. A live rattlesnake was brought

(Continued on page 56)

Fairplay, Colorado, in 1870s, where Blane and Williams worked mining claims

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



By MAURICE KILDARE

To have never found his uncle's fortune at all would have been tolerable—but to find it and lose it to a madman—that was too much!

Courtesy Dewey Hocker

Jack Young as he appeared on his first trip to Montana

MONTANA'S TWICE LOST GOLD

JACK YOUNG'S shovel encountered an obstruction in the hole he dug in the old cabin dirt floor. Leaning over, he scooped out loose earth with his hands, exposing a buckskin sack. Scarcely breathing, his blood pounding, he opened it. The contents were a mass of gold nuggets from pea size to as large as a man's thumb.

For a stunned moment Jack couldn't credit what he saw, then he yelled loudly. His mother, running in from the camp outside, drew to a halt, staring in turn. Jack removed three more buckskin sacks. All were filled with coarse gold. Four was the exact number a letter describing the cache had claimed would be there.

The Youngs were numbed. At last they had found the treasure they had been searching for! With the realization of their astonishing luck that August day in 1888, they belatedly thought of precautions. The gold must be taken safely out of the country if they were to enjoy the benefits of new-found wealth.

The buckskin sacks were not too well preserved although no moisture had reached them through the old cabin floor. But Jack had hopefully brought along heavy, seamless cotton bags just in case they were needed. The gold was emptied into them, and the empty buckskins buried in the bottom of the hole. Refilling it, Jack smoothed loose dirt over the spot.

The gold was dragged outside to the camp and mixed in with a pile of bedding and other gear. Appearing there as part of their provender, any chance visitors were not likely to suspect the contents.

SINCE leaving the last Sun River town, the Youngs had encountered no one directly; but now they became wary, something they failed to consider en route to the upper watershed. This carelessness was destined to bring them to sudden grief.

It was mid-morning, yet neither Jack nor his mother felt like packing up and moving on. The excitement had tired them out somewhat, and they sat resting at the cooling campfire, unable to find words to discuss the spectacular find.

Other than the man who actually hid the gold, the Youngs played the vital part in one of Montana's most important storied and legendary treasures. They were the only people to view it intact after the original cache was made. Perhaps Jack recapitulated in his mind the unusual series of events leading to that moment.

It began when W. B. Young, nicknamed Jack, rode the new railroad into Great Falls in the early spring of 1888. Having nothing particularly in mind, he loafed in the new city for awhile. On saloon row of lower Central Avenue he became well acquainted with Dewey Hocker who had something to do with the Mint Bar of Charley Russell fame. Russell, who also came there often, was Hocker's friend.

Not only these two, but several other habitués regaled the Minnesota youth with tales of Montana. From them he heard colorful accounts of Indian battles, cattle land, outlaws, vigilantes and of lost mines and buried treasure. A special one he listened to, but which did not particularly impress him, concerned outlaw Sheriff Henry Plummer's statement before vigilantes hanged him at Bannack, January 10, 1864, that he had buried $300,000 in a Sun River Valley cabin within sight of Haystack Butte.

After a time Jack grew bored with town life. With Hocker's advice and help he purchased a good saddle pony and the barest necessary equipment to carry along. Hocker and Russell suggested that he travel west into coulee cattle country through Sun River Valley toward the Rocky Mountains. By doing so he could view the most beautiful scenery in Montana.

He started up Sun River from its junc-

tion with the Missouri, wandering leisurely with no definite destination in mind. If failing to reach a ranch before sundown, where he would be taken in by hospitable folks, he camped anywhere and cooked food enough for a meal.

In this fashion he passed up the wide and fertile valley beyond Fort Shaw to Gilman and Augusta. Loafing there a couple of days he rode on.

The cattle country and abundant wild life fascinated him. At cattle camps and headquarters ranches he met big stock owners such as Robert S. Ford and Conrad Kohrs. They had run cattle in the rich grasslands since the early 1870s. He also visited other stockmen in the country: Thomas W. Howard, "China" Clark and Dan Floweree.

Everywhere he went Jack was made welcome, developing in him an intense liking for the country and its few people. The old log cabins, some very crude with buffalo hides stretched over poles for a roof, often drew his attention. They were forerunners of settlement, built by hardy men who even then were gone and forgotten.

IT WAS about these cabins, on his return to Great Falls, that he wrote his mother glowing accounts. To his surprise he received a telegram from her telling him to wait right there in the city until she arrived.

She reached him in a state of excitement, bringing an old letter received from an older brother never heard of after 1864. In it he described a Sun River cabin in which four sacks of gold were buried. On the back of the last sheet of the letter he sketched a map of the location. He did not reveal whether he or someone else had cached it there.

The letter did not bear the postmark of a city or town. It had simply been addressed to Jack's mother and sent on its way. Doubtlessly, it had been weeks into months reaching her through slow and roundabout means. She had no idea where he was when the communication was dispatched. The brother had wandered over several territories of the northwest. Indeed, at the time she had received the letter, she had no idea where the Sun River was that he mentioned. His account of buried treasure had not excited her at all. It was a dreamy thing and she had everyday problems attendant to raising a family.

Then came Jack's letter describing his river ride and mentioning the old, long abandoned cabins along the stream. It caused Mrs. Young to hope there really existed a treasure such as her vanished brother had described and that they could find it without too much trouble.

After reading the letter several times, Jack assured her that he could find similar cabins. Of course most of those he had seen had been used for shelter by early prospectors, trappers, and later cowmen for line camps. They were in profusion and few had been built prior to 1864. As a matter of fact, several resembled the one mentioned in a general way.

Having disposed of his horse and saddle, Jack purchased mounts and equipment for himself and his mother. A strong cayuse was added to pack their bedding and supplies, and they set out on the trip.

Courtesy Bing Wellman

Augusta, Montana, the cowtown from where the Youngs rode to discover treasure

Although they made no mention of their destination, a mother and her twenty-year-old son venturing into far country as they did aroused considerable speculation. Few women took long horseback trips for pleasure in those days. Behind their backs much curiosity was raised as to their real purpose.

After starting upstream, passing towns and ranches along the river course, people attained so much sinister interest that the Youngs were watched. In keeping with the frontier code, however, they were not asked any outright questions. In Sun River and Fort Shaw some were overly prying, and as their trip progressed, they occasionally discovered someone spying on them from the hills or valley rims. Only amused by this and discounting the risk of personal danger involved, they arrived in Augusta. In that small cowtown they rested several days, meeting a number of prominent people.

Inquiring about the country, they pretended to be vacationing in the wide open spaces and clear fresh air for Mrs. Young's health. This was the only precaution of any kind taken against their secret being deduced.

Up to this point not one of the many cabins inspected was the one described in the letter. After resuming their trip, other similar ones proved not to be it either. From Augusta they frequently rode through grass saddle-skirt high. While the terrain appeared level, it was pitted with many coulees, cut by running creeks and canyons. It was still unfenced range country; the influx of hoe men had barely started.

Sun River steadily dwindled in size. Nothing but one failure after another dogged them. When they arrived on the river's upper reaches at about the center of what is now Gibson Reservoir, their spirits were at a very low ebb. That night they sat around the campfire seriously discussing abandoning the project.

THE FOLLOWING morning while breaking camp, Jack studied the snow-capped, majestic peaks of the Rockies in the Lewis and Clark Range. Since they were under them and near the end of their hunt anyway, he suggested they continue a few miles more. By this time any real hope of finding the cached gold had vanished.

The Youngs rode on. That afternoon near sundown they came upon the cabin. Occupying a hollow off the narrow river it had a flat pole roof covered with buffalo hides and a thick mat of dirt over them. A one-room affair, there was one door opening and two small squares for windows. Chinking no longer filled the spaces between the rough logs. The corner joints were pig-pen type, merely notched and put together in the walls. A hastily constructed cabin, the stone chimney had dissolved into a mass of rubble as the mud mortar melted away.

After pitching camp, Jack and his mother reread the letter and studied the map for the hundredth time. Two prominent peaks were marked to the west but nowhere had distance been indicated. As Jack would learn later, the nearest was Sun Butte and the higher peak farther south, Cut Rock Mountain. A dozen or more lesser heights blocked the far skyline between them.

After collecting wood and building a fire, Jack left his mother preparing supper and entered the old cabin with a shovel. Slowly he began digging a hole in the northwest corner of the hard-packed dirt floor according to the instructions. After the upper layer was shoveled off, the excavating went easier. He was down about two feet and widening the hole when his mother summoned him to supper.

After eating, they decided to roll into blankets for a night's rest before exploring the cabin floor further. After all, it would likely turn out as so many others had before. That night neither had any idea they were actually at the right cabin. Forlornly they considered the long ride back to where they could get the soft seats of a passenger coach home.

Following an early breakfast Jack returned to shoveling, and within a few

minutes he made the startling discovery. In short order they had the gold in the camp, pausing to consider their next move.

Possession of the treasure posed problems they had not before considered. Recalling people's intense curiosity and that they had been spied on once in a while, they decided their best course was to pass southward into Prickly Pear Valley. From Helena they could catch a train back to Minnesota. Indeed, probably they would easily find a buyer for the gold in Montana's capital city.

By hefting the sacks, Jack roughly estimated the gold to weigh 150 pounds. With the price then at $17 a troy ounce, he knew they had better than $40,000 in the sacks.

His mother advised eating a noon meal before riding out, and then traveling well into the night. Jack was beset with worries and suddenly conscious that no firearm had been brought along.

An hour later he was startled and most uneasy when two cowboys cut the south rim, riding at a gallop towards them. Both wore cartridge belts and guns. Mrs. Young proved equal to the situation and the problems the riders posed.

Whispering words of caution to Jack, she began cooking a meal and boiling coffee. In this way she hoped to allay any suspicion that they were traveling fast. However, the genial cowboys were disarmingly friendly. Out riding range, they came to be neighborly and gladly accepted her invitation to eat when the meal was ready. In no hurry to leave afterwards, they sat around drinking black coffee and smoking hand-rolled cigarets.

The Youngs made inquiries concerning the mountains and nearby streams. (The spectacular area in the distant future would be set aside as the Bob Marshall Wilderness.) The cowboys were happy to tell them all they knew; how hunting and fishing were exceptionally good in the mountains. Neither seemed aware that mother and son had no rifles or fishing gear along.

"But you gotta be careful and watch where you're going," one of them cautioned neighborly. "Folks can get lost in there plumb easy. Nobody's gonna know and come looking for you if you should. In case it happens, don't get scared. Remember to follow any running stream of water, for it will lead you out of the mountains." Soon after that, much to the Youngs' relief, the cowboys thanked them for their hospitality and departed.

Now realizing their helplessness more fully, they concluded to remain there for the night, hiding the gold. Their future moves must be planned carefully.

Before daylight, the gold in panniers concealed by blankets, they set off southward. Crossing a number of rugged creeks and negotiating very narrow and deep canyons, two days later they neared the Great Falls-Helena stage and freight road. Moving on parallel to the course, they always drifted into cover on sighting riders, freight wagons or stages.

Not wanting people near them even in passing, they concluded not to use the regular Dearborn River crossing. This decision turned out to be a very bad mistake.

Weston Howard, above, helped Jack Young disprove a rumor of the gold's having been found. Below, upper Sun River in the area where the Youngs found the hidden cache.
Courtesy Author

APPROACHING the river a few miles upstream from the cluster of buildings at the crossing, they paused a few minutes to study the situation. As far as could be determined no difficulty would be encountered crossing over.

Mrs. Young rode into the water first. The pack horse followed a length behind. Jack brought up the van, considerably farther back. The center current was deep enough to force swimming for about twenty yards. Mrs. Young gained over easily and her horse started climbing up the gently sloped, gravel bank.

The pack horse was still swimming in deep water when its forward progress checked suddenly. At the same instant the crack of a rifle echoed in the air around the scene. Jack lifted his head, staring about apprehensively. As another shot cracked, it placed the rifleman. The second bullet smacked into the pack horse—already dead and beginning to roll over in the swift current.

Expecting more shooting with one of themselves as the target, Jack saw that his mother had gained the cover of the two big trees. He pulled back into the timber on his side. There was no third shot. Reconnoitering the forest from where the rifleman fired, he spotted the man running away, but only for an instant as the darkly dressed bareheaded rifleman disappeared almost immediately.

As silence continued shrouding the scene, Jack's mother called worriedly for him to remain where he was. The pack horse had disappeared downstream. Night was not far off. After waiting about an hour, Jack ventured into the open. He was not fired on and, believing the rifleman had left the riverside, he paused only momentarily before fording over to his mother.

They could not understand why the mystery man shot only at the pack horse carrying the gold. Amid all their confused theorizing, they felt that he surely knew about the recovered treasure. They could think of no other explanation for the incident.

Wanting to recover the gold and the few supplies carried on the dead horse, Jack dismounted, venturing downstream afoot. Searching downriver and around a bend for half a mile, he saw nothing of the horse or any of its burden lodged against rocks or on sand spits. Jack returned to his mother, and they drew off into deep timber to spend a very bad night. Afraid to kindle a fire to make coffee, they ate left-over biscuits and cold meat for supper.

A NIGHT of reflection and rest gave them faint hope that the body of the horse had washed onto one bank or the other, or lodged on some gravel bar with the load intact.

Saddling up breakfastless that early morning, they followed downstream on the south side. More than a mile from the fording place the pack horse was found stuck between two big boulders in the river. Nothing remained on it but the halter and lead rope. The pack saddle

and panniers had been torn loose and all they once carried was gone. Wading out, Jack reached the swelling carcass, examining the rocks and river bed in shallow water. Nothing whatever had caught against the stones with the horse. Bitterly disappointed, he returned to his mother.

When their food ran out, they were forced to drop down to Dearborn Crossing. Forlornly they entered the hotel and were able to get a meal almost at once. A few men worked or loafed around the place whom Jack scrutinized covertly. The rifleman could have come from the crossing. However, none of those he saw in any way resembled the man who deliberately killed the pack horse and took off in flight.

When asking for lodging, the Youngs gave a plausible story of having lost most of their supplies in a crossing accident the previous day. It was accepted, being not unusual for the inexperienced.

The genial owner and manager was E. J. Thomas who had built there in 1879. In after years he was to remember the Youngs vividly ,and see Jack many times. That day he assured them gloomily, "The way the old Dearborn is running now your provender has gone down the muddy Missouri already!"

Despite his mother's fears of a second possible attack, Jack returned to search the river on two successive days. Stripping, he began on the site of the shooting, swimming downstream. Shallow water was inspected by wading, and the deep holes were explored. It was possible that the heavy cotton sacks remained intact. Wherever loosened they should have dropped quickly to the bottom. Yet nowhere did Jack's searching hands come in contact with them.

Thinking he might have missed them on the first search, he repeated the performance. This time, while standing in knee-deep clear water off a gravelly bar, he glanced down to discover several large nuggets. Gathering up ten, he was convinced they came from the sacks. Their discovery gave him a feeling of complete hopelessness. The sacks had broken open, probably from contact with sharp rocks in the river. Their contents could be scattered for such a long distance that total recovery would be impossible.

Completing his second day's search, he rode along the bank toward the crossing. About two miles above, he found a torn sack clinging to driftwood. A little below it a piece of tarpaulin was discovered. It had been washed onto a sand bar.

Mrs. Young was convinced that nothing more could be done to recover the gold. Twice lost, it would surely remain so. Bitter with disappointment, they sold their horses and saddles, took a stage to Helena, and there caught a train for home.

In Minnesota that winter Jack kept trying to figure out the puzzling incident. At times it seemed like a bad dream. There wasn't any sensible explanation why a man should stalk them, suddenly kill the pack horse and flee. If bent on robbing them of the gold, why had he not simply held them up at gun point without risking the treasure's being lost in the river?

Courtesy Author

Henry Plummer claimed to have buried $300,000 in loot within sight of Haystack Butte above.

The circumstance bothered Jack so much that he returned to Great Falls the next spring. He had with him the old letter and a half dozen nuggets. They were shown to Hocker and the full story told. When Jack finished, Hocker made a positive statement. "The man had no idea you carried gold on the pack horse. He saw you folks crossing the river and deliberately shot the one animal without a rider!"

"But why on earth would he do so?" Jack puzzled aloud.

"Who knows?" Hocker shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "It was a wanton act pulled by a wanton character. Maybe he was one of those wild old coots who's been in the Rockies too long. Crazy."

WHEN the warm weather arrived, Hocker and Jack went to Dearborn Crossing. Thomas, the father-in-law of Howard at Augusta, was taken into their confidence. Hocker knew him well. The old man was just as puzzled as Young was.

In his opinion no one from the crossing did the shooting. He gave the possible, yet not likely, reason that Hocker did. He added, "Might even have been one of them 'breeds hanging around the foothills hiding out from the law. Several of them are wanted for assorted crimes. But them fellers wouldn't want to be seen at all. When a squaw or an Indian comes in for an unusual amount of supplies, I know they're in there again. Them that was, when your horse was killed, were at least twenty-five miles away, however."

From Thomas they obtained horses and rode to the scene of the disaster. Very systematically they searched both sides of the river over a period of days. The pack horse's carcass was now gone but Jack remembered the rocks well. There wasn't any use searching below them. The water was still so high their efforts were confined to the banks until it receded from flood level.

Then they searched the shallow water, and probed the deep holes for hours at a time. Borrowing gold pans from Thomas, they tested every hundred feet of bottom downstream. In this way they found five big nuggets, widely scattered.

"Them sacks broke open," Hocker opined. "The gold spilled out, scattered all over the bottom. But maybe we can find some more."

The entire summer was wasted in the river but not another nugget came to light. When they abandoned the river search Hocker suggested that perhaps the Youngs did not get all the gold cached in the cabin floor.

"After all, maybe this was part of Plummer's loot," he ventured. "If so, he swore before they strung him up that he had $300,000 buried!"

Jack reminded him that the tale alleged it was cached within sight of Haystack Butte. That purple volcanic plug ending in a diamond point against the sky wasn't visible from the upper Sun River cabin.

Going to the cabin, Hocker and Jack dug out the entire floor. The dirt was thrown back into the excavation, and they dug all around the foundation of spaced flat rocks. Again the same result—nothing. Returning the stock to Thomas, they went back to Great Falls.

Jack gave Hocker two of the nuggets, which he carried as pocket pieces to show. The other three were kept by Jack for at least twenty years longer. Settling west of Great Falls, he later moved into the Judith Basin, spending the balance of his life in Montana.

In some way Hocker was connected with the famous Mint Saloon. Sometimes he managed it or tended bar. He talked to men from Sun River country and Dearborn Crossing whom he knew well, showing them the nuggets.

Almost all of them at first said the gold must have been Plummer's outlaw gang loot. However, any golden treasure heard of or found in Montana was usually ascribed to the road agents. Some of the oldest old-timers jogged their memories. They reported stage robberies and hijacked prospectors laden with gold that the Youngs' find could have represented.

(Continued on page 60)

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The COWGIRL—PROSPECTOR

Lorena Trickey was a 100-pound bundle of luck, energy, wit and courage—as free as the horses she rode; as rugged as the mountains she mined

By HARRIETT FARNSWORTH

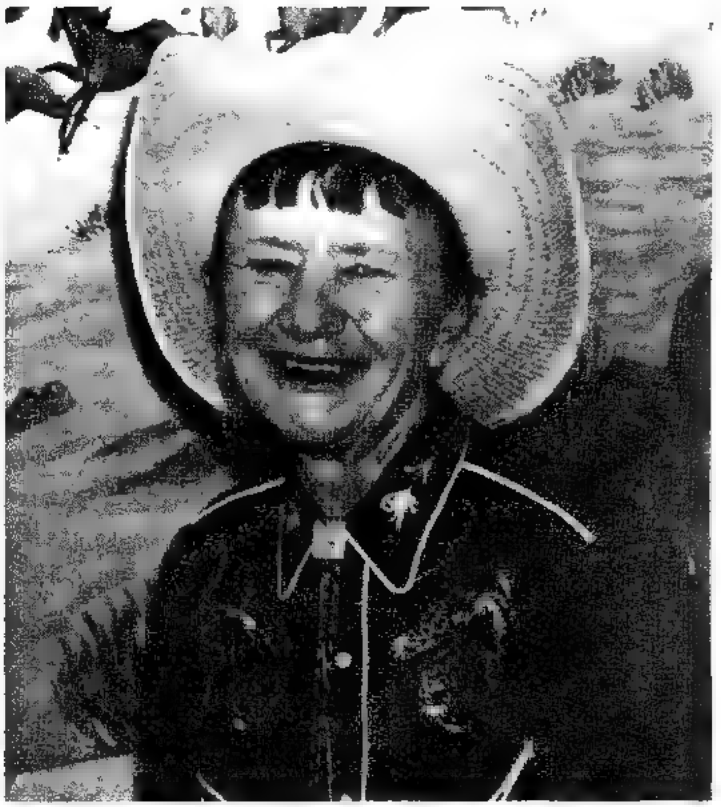
LORENA TRICKEY, who rode to fame as an all-round champion cowgirl of the twenties, later lived a life of adventure in isolated back-country as a prospector and miner. She seemed to posess an uncanny instinct for ferreting out valuable minerals where others had failed.

Born on Valentine's Day in 1893, at Palmer, Oregon, Lorena grew up with horses and, as a child, ran wild mustangs over the rugged Oregon country with the Indians.

A wisp of a woman, five feet two, weighing only 100 pounds, Lorena soared to fame at Pendleton, Oregon, in 1919, as the world's champion bronc riding cowgirl—a title she held until 1929. In 1920 and 1921, she won the all-round cowgirl championship title at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Because of injuries in 1922, she rode but did not compete for the third Hotel McAlphin trophy—having won two in previous contests.

The following year she came back at her best as champion relay rider at Pendleton, Oregon. Later that same season, to further test her riding skill in bigger cities and against tougher competition, she rode in Chicago and won the all-round cowgirl world championship, and in 1925 rode away with the Denver Post trophy.

She next became a noted trick rider—Roman style racing, jumping and performing dangerous stunts for the movies. She doubled for Mary Pickford in "Through the Back Door"; riding Roman style she worked with Tom Mix in "The Queen of Sheba." When stunt riders on a movie set turned down a twelve-foot jump across a deep ravine, Lorena, not on her own well-trained jumper but on a strange horse, took the jump successfully. Besides these accomplishments, she did vaudeville skits with her trick horse, Black Baby, at Pantages theaters during winter rodeo lulls.

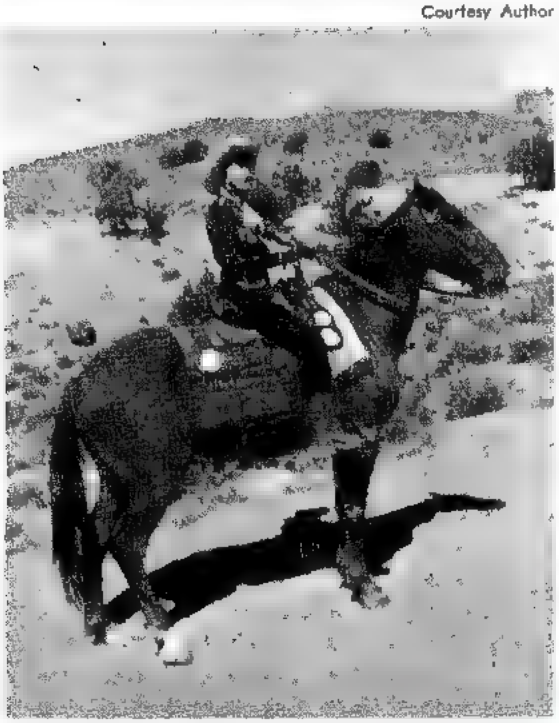


Lorena Trickey

Courtesy Pete Peterson

Lorena, with a prize saddle, riding her favorite mount, Rusty.

Courtesy Author



WHEN Lorena met Magnus Peterson —familiarly known as "Pete"—a rugged, humorous Norwegian from Prineville, Oregon, they teamed up as business partners in a racing stable and Lorena's interests switched to a new field of endeavor.

The best of this business set-up was that Lorena and Pete—a self-styled "broken-down cowboy"—trained their own horses. She became an outstanding jockey; Pete took part in small rodeos and horse shows. He also acted as advance man and often did the radio announcing.

In 1928 Lorena and Pete were married in Bend, Oregon. Lorena went on to race at a number of places, including Tia Juana and Vancouver, B. C., then on to win the Hillsborough Trophy at Tanforan, California.

Throughout her riding career, except for minor injuries, luck followed Lorena and the couple's future looked bright. Then, without warning, disaster struck.

As they surveyed the tragic train mishap which had killed several of their fine racing horses and crippled most of those which were spared, Lorena turned to Pete for the answer. What were they to do now?

Said philosophic Pete, who always had the answers. "We--ll, Lorena, it's obvious we're out of business—behind the 8-ball. We'll make a reappraisal—just start over."

It was now that Lorena Peterson, who had grown up in a comfortable home, had traveled extensively and lived in the best hotels, did a complete about face. She stepped into a world never anticipated and totally foreign.

Pete's interests had begun to center on prospecting in the Tonopah, Nevada, district, and Lorena went along with it.

Under contract, Lorena made her last professional ride at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on Labor Day, 1929, and retired undefeated as the world's all-round champion cowgirl. Then she and Pete retired to their home in Tonopah, where Lorena happily turned to prospecting.

PETE doubted if his diminutive wife could take the life he had chosen. He needn't have doubted. Lorena, who had had her share of rodeo injuries, was still in excellent health and as nimble as a mountain goat. She took to the backcountry with the avidity of a thirsty burro searching for a waterhole. Not only was she born with horses in her blood, but also with the know-how to "make do." She loved the rugged life and got along famously with old-timers.

When she and Pete ran across an old desert prospector, one "Horse" Beckwith, and he invited them to join him, they agreed. But after months, then a year or so of searching the countryside and discovering little of value, it became obvious that Pete and Lorena must improve their financial situation—prospectors have to have grubstakes to keep going.

An opportunity presented itself at the Longstreet Mine near Tonopah. The couple grabbed it. Lorena, who knew little about cooking, became chef and dishwasher for twenty-five regular miners, and sometimes forty or more when drifters straggled in. Pete, too, fitted in nicely. He was put in charge of the commissary, waited tables, and became a handy man about camp.

This arrangement worked out excellently for a year but the Longstreet was forced to close down, and Pete and Lorena again went looking for work. Luckily they found their next windfall at the old Willow Creek Ranch which was up for lease. Here they settled down and went into the chicken and rabbit business, saving every extra dime for a grubstake.

The summer went along fine. Chickens and rabbits multiplied, and Tonopah offered good markets for them. When winter set in, it was another story. Pete and Lorena were snowbound. They shoveled paths to the barn to feed their saddle horses, paths to the chicken house—for two long, cold months. That was too much snow. Before the next winter could catch them again, they went house hunting, and hit it lucky.

At a much lower altitude, some thirty miles north of Tonopah on Highway 6, they discovered the old Five-Mile Station, with a comfortable home and outbuildings, vacant. They leased it and continued in the chicken business.

That summer, as the one before, went along fine. Here, they felt sure there would be no winter problems. And from a small flock of buff Orpingtons, Lorena could count 1,000 fine chickens to sell in the fall.

When snow began falling, Lorena paid little attention to it the first day—or the next—or the next—then again they were caught snowbound.

Their food was running low and to make a bad situation worse, prospectors and miners, caught in the same situation, began drifting in from outlying districts. When grub gave completely out, Lorena had to serve chicken—chicken for breakfast, dinner and supper—three times a day for thirty long, cold days. By the time Lorena's uninvited guests could make it back to their diggings, over a hundred of her fine, fat hens had ended up in the cook pot.

Desert summers were rough; winters were rough. A year at Five-Mile Station was enough. Pete and Lorena decided that "civilization would be mighty welcome," and they moved back to Tonopah —where it snowed, to be sure, but the roads could be kept open.

LORENA, who by then had had a good try at prospecting, decided she should know more about it. When she enrolled at the Tonopah School of Mining and Engineering—an extension of the Nevada School of Mines—Pete went along with her. For two years Lorena studied mineralogy, while Pete studied

Courtesy Pete Peterson

Lorena, doing a stint at the A & B Mercury Mine about 1961

geology. Thus armed with new mining knowledge they set out to recoup their fortune.

On their former jaunts through the back-country, Lorena and Pete had discovered several good claims a few miles from Willow Creek—the best of them the King Solomon which showed some gold, silver and antimony. They worked this claim until World War II made mining profitless, then returned to Tonopah. Here Pete drove a truck for a living until he and Lorena decided to go to her ranch in Oregon, where they settled down to grow food to help out in the war effort. But as soon as the war was over, they headed back to Tonopah and took up mining where they had left off.

They were working one of their former discoveries, a good quicksilver claim on the old M & M mining property (first discovered by J. Y. Anderson, Lou Miller and Clay Coveny in 1935), when Lorena took a notion to do some prospecting on her own and hit the jackpot! Midway between camp and Tonopah she discovered titanium in Salisbury Wash.

To add to their good fortune, not far away they found a white clapboard house which had once served as office and boarding house for fourteen men then working for the Jim Smith & Company Mine. They got permission to move the house down the hill near a good spring, and had no more than got settled in it when a truly wonderful thing happened—J. Y. Anderson willed it to them.

The former champion cowgirl, now a mineralogist, had the edge on old-time prospectors, some of whom considered her the best in the country. With technical knowledge and the natural gift of discovering minerals in unlikely places, her years of wandering began paying off. Before long, she and Pete had good claims scattered all over the rugged Hat Creek Range, and to save time they set up four temporary camps and worked back and forth between them.

LORENA, like the jackass prospectors of the old school and the present-day jeep and detector variety, found life in the back-country tough but filled with adventures. On tortuous mountain trails and on the bleak and waterless desert, one could chance upon old and strange mysteries.

Just such a mystery cropped up one day when Pete and Lorena decided to explore the big cave just below their Silver Queen on Rawhide Mountain—some four airline miles north of the old Tybo mining camp. After their scramble down to it, they discovered there was something quite different. From what they found, and later heard from an old-timer in the Tybo district, this had been very old mining country before his father came in in 1864. Proof of this was the stone arrastre at the cave entrance, and potholes inside with slight traces of salt still visible around them—in which ore obviously had been melted down by a primitive method.

Who, Pete and Lorena asked each other, were the miners? Where had they come from? When had they mined here? Why had they abandoned their location?

Some of this mystery was solved when Joe Clifford produced a well-preserved bow which he had found in the mine in 1914, upon which was carved "JUAN ORTEGO—1854." This indicated that either Spaniards or Mexicans had mined here, and had, in lieu of guns which would have attracted hostile Indians, used bows and arrows. A stiletto—its edge still razor sharp—also found by Joe, puzzled them, however. Only the Incas knew how to temper copper.

Why had this mine been abandoned? It was the old-timer's opinion that because of the time consumed in transporting ore, and the crude methods prevalent in those days, mining had proved unprofitable on Rawhide Mountain.

It was in this country that Lorena, who knew horses from the tips of their ears down to their hocks, was to get acquainted with the clever but often stubborn "desert canary." When she and Pete discovered that only burros could pack down their ore from the Silver Queen, Lorena felt lucky when she acquired a wild burro, Bromide, and its baby, Silver.

In time Bromide became a splendid pack animal. Not so, Silver. Because of the latter, Lorena was to learn some first-hand lessons about the art of being cantankerous. One morning the critters were packed for the trail up to the mine. Bromide was willing to go; Silver promptly lay down and refused to budge. Frustrated, Lorena turned to Pete for help.

"We–ll, Lorena," he said, "you don't prod a burro. If you can't coax him, you let him alone to make up his own mind. So we'll just move on."

They did, and some time later looked back. Sure enough, Silver, rather than be left alone, was making fast time to catch up, and never again gave any trouble.

IT WAS while mining in the Rawhide area that Pete and Lorena ran across another mystery. This happened one day while they were running quicksilver at the M & M Mine and gave out of water. After loading up the truck with barrels, they drove a few miles down to Horsethief Spring—a spring-fed waterhole—at the old abandoned Log Cabin Mine site.

While Pete loaded the water barrels, Lorena went prospecting in the vicinity of the ancient log cabin—located in a narrow but lovely depression between the mountains surounding it, and facing the waterhole where wild horses, then numerous in the area, had beaten a narrow path. Before Pete had finished filling the barrels, Lorena hurried back holding out a very fine piece of "float" for his inspection.

Why was it lying in such an unlikely place? Old mine scars and once well-timbered shafts were proof enough that miners had worked hard here, found little of value and had left the claim open to anybody who wanted to work it. They finally concluded the float most likely had been packed in—probably by Martin Dean.

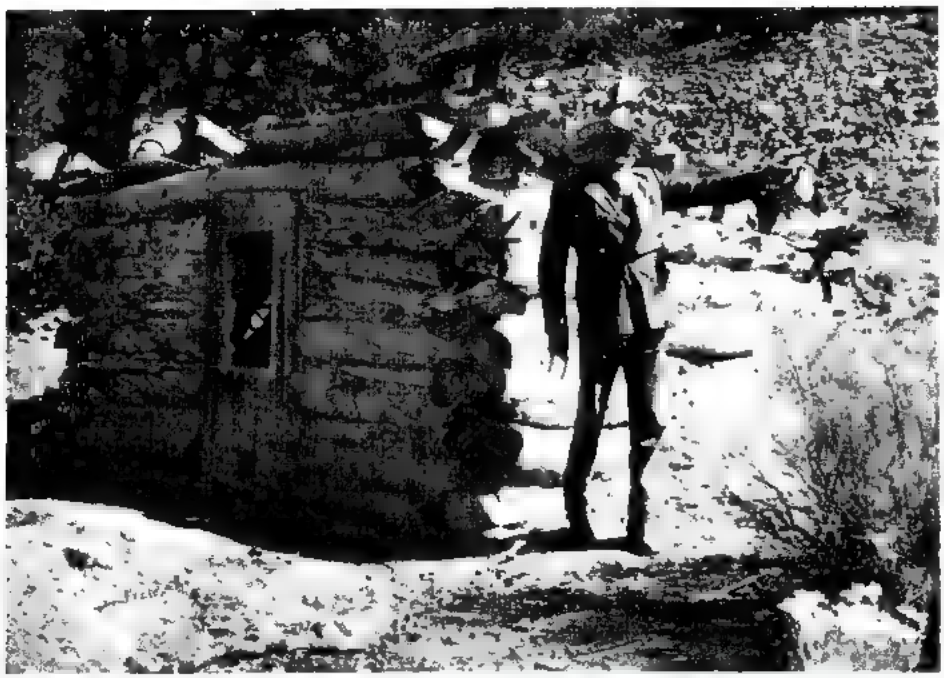
This might have been the last of the float had not Lorena, with her peculiar talent for finding gold where others had not, returned to the site a few days later. After prospecting around for a while, her efforts paid off! She had traced the float to its source, and twenty-five feet back of the old cabin she found the gold in place.

Again Pete and Lorena asked each other why miners and hundreds of travelers, once using this old road to Tybo and the log cabin as an overnight camping place, passed up this sort of ore? They wondered even more when the

(Continued on page 50)

Pete Peterson, Lorena's husband and partner at the Old Cowgirl Mine

Courtesy Author



By FRANK M. FREEMAN

Photo Courtesy El Paso Centennial Museum

Street scene in El Paso, Texas, about the time Thomas Key Pugh passed through on his way to Chihuahua, Mexico

Victorio was dead, but the thin line of his followers struck and withdrew along the Mexican border like the dying tail of a twister

HARD-LUCK STAGE to Chihuahua

AS YOUNG Thomas Key Pugh boarded the stagecoach at El Paso, Texas, bound for Chihuahua, Mexico, he spoke to his friend, a Mr. McManus, in a voice filled with fear and dread. "There is something about this trip that makes me nervous. I have a presentiment that something adverse will happen to me. All my letters and telegrams have been left in the bank, subject only to your order."

A day or so later, people traveling to El Paso from Chihuahua discovered a coach about forty miles south of the Texas city. Beside the wrecked stage was a note which was carried to El Paso by S. G. Slade. The message read:

Take Notice!

The finder of this is entitled to one hundred dollars on delivering it to Morman and Company at Chihuahua. I am a prisoner among the Indians, do what you can for me.

Thomas Key Pugh

Pugh's uncle and brother in his native city of Cincinnati, Ohio, anxiously awaited word of his fate. It was assumed by his kin that he was a prisoner of the savages, until General William T. Sherman advised them by telegraph:

"I have no power to order soldiers into Mexico, but I will exert every effort in Pugh's behalf . . . I fear the worst. The Apaches seldom take prisoners."

THOMAS KEY PUGH was a promising young businessman, son of a former United States Senator, George E. Pugh, deceased at the time of his son's capture by Indians. The circumstances which placed the young Ohioan upon that ill fated, hard luck stage to Chihuahua could have been invented by a weaver of plots for western novels.

The year before, enterprising Thomas Pugh had spent some time in California, mostly in San Francisco. In conjunction with General William F. Rosecrans, Pugh had speculated in various business ventures and had made quite a sum of money for himself in the Golden State.

Pugh learned of a valuable 175,000-acre tract in Mexico on which he could get an option and, with any luck, could sell at a great profit. A New York City broker named Altman was engaged by Pugh to purchase an option on the land. Pugh was to meet Altman in Denver, Colorado, and the two men planned to travel to El Paso where they would contact the man from whom the option was to be secured.

When Pugh arrived in Denver, he learned to his bewilderment and anger that the land broker had left without him. Fearing a doublecross, Pugh hurried to El Paso where he encountered Altman and Bennet, who owned the Mexican property, walking along the street. It was alleged at the time that Altman had offered Bennet more money for the land option than had Pugh, and evidently intended cutting his client out of the transaction completely.

The meeting in El Paso led to angry words between the three men, and the final result of the argument might have been gunplay and bloodshed if bystanders had not broken up the affair and sent the belligerents upon their separate ways.

Altman, interviewed by a reporter from the Denver *Republican* on July 19, 1881, flatly denied that there had been any plan by himself and Bennet to fleece Pugh in the land deal. It is significant, however, that he and Bennet left by private vehicle for Chihuahua immediately following their dispute with Pugh.

Learning of their departure, the young man hastily packed his belongings and took passage on the stagecoach whose destination was Mexico.

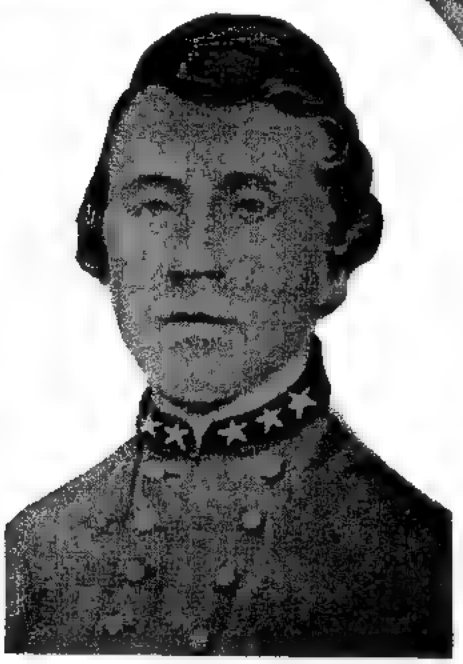
A BAND of Apaches, safe from Uncle Sam's cavalrymen while across the Rio Grande and ever on the prod, sighted Pugh's stage rolling along the road to Chihuahua. They were probably led by Nana. The Indians at once gave chase, and the stage horses tried in vain to outdistance the pursuing redskins.

As the horses went down from arrows and rifle fire, the coach came to a stop and fell over upon its side.

When S. C. Slade arrived at El Paso with Thomas Pugh's desperate note, Mexican and American soldiers, in cooperation with one another, formed a punitive expedition which set out in search of Pugh and his captors.

Mr. McManus, informed of the stagecoach attack, stated ruefully, "Everything that can be done will be put in motion in his favor, but I have my fears. Those Apaches are terrible devils. Oh, my God, how my heart aches for the poor boy! I knew his father in Washington in 1859; the family I know well by reputation. Pugh is a good, big-hearted

(Continued on page 45)



The bones of William Quantrill rest with the Kansas State Historical Society. The notorious guerilla leader is shown above in Confederate uniform.

Neither the seller nor the buyer was overly enthusiastic over

The BARTERED WILLIAM

TO FIND THEM you must negotiate a flight of dark stairs. A door of heavy screening is unlocked and you pass into a narrow corridor flanked by rows of metal shelving under murky fluorescent lights. You are in the archeological laboratory of the Kansas State Historical Society in Topeka. The bones have not been on display for many years. Today only a handful of people know of their existence.

They occupy a single compartment between displays of old war ribbons and odds and ends of ancient leather equipment. An archeologist, Francis Calabrese, handles the relics and with professional detachment identifies each one: "The two large bones are from the shins . . . these two bones are from the right forearm and upper arm . . . this one is from the left forearm . . ."

A label catches your eye. It consists of a small square of yellowed paper glued to the two larger bones. It takes close reading to decipher the spidery scribbling in faded black ink:

"W. C. Quantrill's . . . bones frm. W. W. Scott of Canal Dover, Ohio, Given F.G. Adams, 1888."

Thus a portion of the skeleton of the guerilla leader who wrote his name in blood at the sacking of Lawrence, Kansas, in 1863 lies mouldering with age among the other litter of history.

How these relics turned up in Topeka almost half the length of the United States from Quantrill's native home in Ohio, and almost 600 miles from the Louisville, Kentucky, graveyard where he lay buried for 22 years, is a strange and macabre story.

ON THE rainy morning of May 10, 1865, William Quantrill and about twenty of his followers—all that remained of his once formidable rebel force—sought refuge from the weather on the farm of James Wakefield, near Bloomfield, in Spencer County, Kentucky.

Having left Missouri a step or two ahead of the hangman's noose, Quantrill had tried to make a comeback in Kentucky. But his operations consisted mostly of a series of petty raids and plundering. Kentucky didn't want him any more than Missouri did.

The Wakefield farm had frequently been a place of refuge for the guerilla when fleeing the Federals. But on this morning Quantrill was fleeing a summer rainstorm.

The raiders dismounted in Wakefield's barnyard. There under the eaves of the barn and in the loft they engaged in a playful corncob fight. Quantrill, a slender man with wavy hair and drooping eyelids which gave him a sinister, brooding look, did not join in the sham battle. Instead he curled up in a corner of the loft and went to sleep.

Clark Hockensmith, one of the raiders, was the first to sound the alarm. "Here they come!" he shouted as he spotted a force of Federals under the command of Edwin Terrill approaching at a full gallop through the rain.

Quantrill sprang awake and dashed out of the barn to find his men in complete rout. Most were already mounted and fleeing pell-mell down a bridle path, hotly pursued by Terrill's force.

Quantrill leaped for his horse, but the animal shied and bucked away, leaving him afoot. Desperately Quantrill started down the path in a run, slipping and sliding in the mud and calling for help.

Once he tried to mount behind a comrade, but the horse was hit by a bullet and broke away. Quantrill tried again; this time he was almost up behind Hockensmith when a bullet from the Terrill line smashed into his spine. He pitched to the ground, paralyzed from the neck down.

Terrill's charge swept over the fallen guerilla leader. A stray bullet snipped off one of Quantrill's fingers—his trigger finger.

The fight was over as quickly as it had begun. Most of the guerillas managed to escape, leaving the wounded Quantrill in the hands of the enemy. That night the guerilla lay in agony in the Wakefield house tended by his captors. A local doctor was sent for, and Quantrill was told his wound was mortal. Two days later he was placed in a farm wagon and taken to Louisville, where he was confined in a military hospital.

Throughout May and into early June, Quantrill clung to life. In his final days he embraced the Catholic faith. He gave his minister—one Reverend Powers—$800 in gold with instructions to use part of it for a headstone. Then on June 6, 1865, at the age of twenty-eight, William Quantrill died.

The Rev. Powers ordered Quantrill interred in St. John's Cemetery at Louis-

Kansas State Historical Society archaeologist, Francis Calabrese, inspects two of the larger bones

ENTERED ... RO
... PROHIBITE

By EDWARD KNOWLES

Photos Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

BONES of QUANTRILL

Caroline Quantrill, mother of the noted raider

ville, but declined to carry out Quantrill's death-bed wish. There was to be no headstone. Instead, the clergyman ordered that the site be obliterated, ostensibly to foil grave robbers.

As a final touch he instructed the cemetery sexton, Mr. Scally, and his wife, Bridget, to dump their kitchen refuse over the spot to erase any remaining suggestion of a grave.

OVER THE YEARS the legend of William Quantrill and his role in the Border Wars grew. Tales of his derring-do drifted back to his birthplace, Canal Dover, Ohio.

One woman, living alone in elderly widowhood, read the accounts and listened to the stories with more than passing interest. Caroline Cornelia Clarke Quantrill had not seen her son since the 1850s when William joined a wagon-train headed for the West.

Several letters had passed between them while William was engaged as a school teacher in Kansas, but all correspondence ceased at the opening of the Civil War.

Mrs. Quantrill was known among her acquaintances as a woman of "solitary turn, of a brooding disposition." And alone, Caroline brooded about her son. She viewed with suspicion the stories she heard about him—refused to believe he was lying in a murderer's grave.

At this point a strange man with a twisted sense of ethics stepped into the picture. His name was W.W. Scott.

Scott had known William Quantrill from childhood; they had been schoolmates in Canal Dover. Following the war, as editor and publisher of the *Iron Valley Reporter*, a Canal Dover newspaper, Scott began to gather material on his boyhood friend, purportedly with the intention of writing a book.

At first, Caroline Quantrill was adverse to such a publication. She suspected Scott of wanting to exploit her son. But Scott had a way to get around such opposition. He began to bestow favors on the lonely and eccentric widow, looking after her comfort and supplying her with funds. Gradually she became more favorably disposed toward the hopeful biographer.

In the spring of 1884 Scott made a trip to Louisville. His first stop was St. John's Cemetery. Under expert questioning, Scott learned from the sexton, Scally, that Quantrill was indeed buried there. Bridget was persuaded to show him the site.

The woman took Scott to a point some ten steps behind the cemetery lodge where she and her husband lived. As the Reverend Powers had intended two decades before, not a trace of the grave remained. Bridget explained to Scott that they had followed the clergyman's instructions, dumping kitchen slops on the spot to erase all trace of the guerilla's resting place.

Assured that he had finally found Quantrill's grave, Scott journeyed back to Ohio to advise Caroline Quantrill. The old widow announced her determination to go to Louisville and see the grave for herself.

It was not until three years later, in the fall of 1887, that they were able to make the trip. Scott dutifully paid Mrs. Quantrill's train fare. On December 7, leaving Mrs. Quantrill at a Louisville hotel, Scott again visited the cemetery. Bridget Scally was now a widow, her husband having died following Scott's visit. Scott explained that Caroline was in a state of intense grief over her son, and wanted his remains either appropriately interred in Canal Dover, or at least adequately reburied in a zinc-lined box.

Scott visited St. John's twice that day. On the second visit he was accompanied by Caroline. The two women talked the matter over. Bridget didn't favor having the grave disturbed, but Caroline wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally Bridget relented. The grave could be opened so that Mrs. Quantrill, as Scott phrased it, "could see the state of affairs."

The next day—Thursday, December 8, 1887—Scott made his third visit to the cemetery, alone. As he recorded it, the day was "cloudy—drizzly—uncomfortable." Perfect conditions for such a grisly task.

Louis Wertz, Mrs. Scally's gravedigger, wanted no part of the job, and was persuaded to change his mind only when Scott offered him an extra dollar. (Mrs. Scally's fee was $2.50.)

By spading around carefully, Wertz was able to find the outlines of the grave. The coffin had long since disappeared. A few more deft strokes of the shovel and the bones of the long-dead guerilla leader were exposed to view.

The remains lay in a natural position. The hair, of a bleached yellow color, had slipped from the skull. A piece of army sock clung to the bones of one foot. Except for a scattering of shirt buttons, that was all there was of the burial clothes.

Carefully, Scott and the gravedigger removed the bones. A part of the spine and ribs crumbled to dust at the touch. Scott wrapped the skull in a newspaper and laid it to one side. As he explained to Bridget, he wanted to retain it briefly to show Mrs. Quantrill for positive identification. The rest of the skeleton was placed in a box and reburied close to the surface.

Scott took the skull to Caroline's hotel

(Continued on page 48)

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By EDWARD A. CLARK

Photos Courtesy Author

The Clark Brothers put great store in two things: one was laughter; the other was

Jim and Joe Clark, in 1941, both in their eighties

Chips from FIVE CORDS

THE SCENE opens on a frosty Christmas Eve morning in December, 1895 at McCauley's Saloon, Rockdale, Texas. This time and place is chosen, for it was there and only there that you might catch Tex, Joe, Jim, Ed and Will Clark together—not exactly together, but in the same crowd.

Today, and even then, writers and public speakers refer to the "strong, silent men of the great open spaces"; these Clark brothers were of that tradition, silence was their code. Take the silence between Joe and his father-in-law; it lasted for forty-five years until Jim Rolston's death. This also explains the brothers' distant attitude toward each other. Stubbornness was not involved; it was their code.

One description fits all the brothers. Tex, the oldest, stood 6 feet 4 inches down to Will, the youngest, who was 6 feet, 2 inches. Gangling, stoop-shouldered, all had reddish, leathery faces, untrimmed mustaches of the handlebar type, wide-brimmed Stetson hats and clean baggy suits of jeans, hanging on them with clothesline effect.

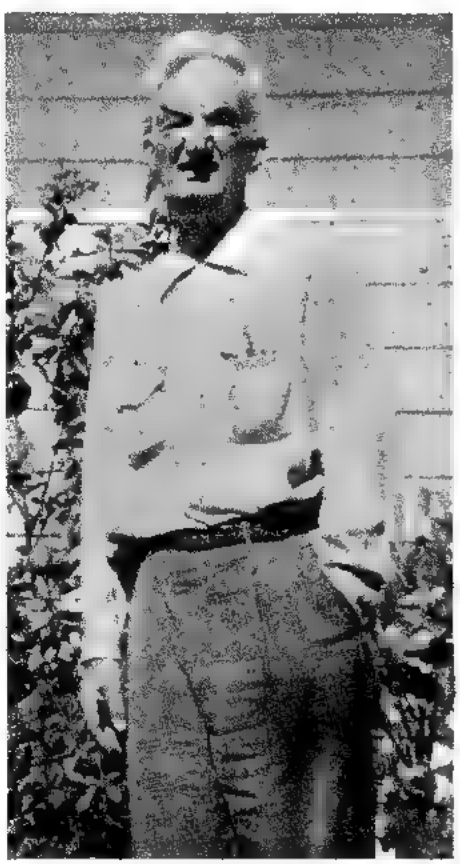
They had driven their families into town in wagons drawn by mules. The hard-worked oxen were left at home to rest. The wives and children were left at Scarbrough & Hicks. Each wife had a long list of dry goods, groceries and other supplies and were buying enough to last the coming twelve months. These wives grew very accurate on buying that far in advance. Will's wife, Lula, boasted that she had only a tablespoonful of baking powder left over; Evie, Joe's wife, said that she had run so close on soda that she hadn't had any in the bread for two weeks. Mollie, Tex's wife, remarked that she was ashamed of how she messed up her calculations.

"It worried me to death," she said. "I'd bought everything for one baby but twins showed up. Tex didn't get mad. He just put his gallon jug in the wagon when he left on the extra trip to town."

On this particular Christmas Eve morning my father, Joe Clark, took me along to McCauley's Saloon. Mother couldn't manage me and the buying, too; I was seven. We entered the saloon half frozen. Jim and Ed, who were not married then, were already there, seated near a huge red-hot stove. Joe rushed up to the bar, greeted McCauley, then turned and with a sweep of his hand ordered all up for drinks. Jim and Ed finally ambled over to the bar at different places in the line. While McCauley was ladling out hot Tom and Jerries from a five-gallon crock, Tex and Will entered and found a place in line. We have all five now with their feet on the rail.

These few hours spent at McCauley's Saloon once a year was the extent of their vacation away from hard work. They never drank in excess and who

The author at age 68, in 1956



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would wish to deny them this small recreation? As they finished their drinks they would amble back to their chairs, and none of them had paid much attention to the other. They spent the time in being spoken to by new arrivals at the saloon; one or the other would leave for a while then return.

Then when things began to lag, Tex would start to tell a yarn. This woke the folks up like an electric shock. They would gang in close to Tex, some of them shaking hands. Tex would finish with a great roar of laughter from all, even McCauley. The story was of race horses and women (flavor—smutty).

Then for hours it was tale after tale; silence was turned to laughter, everything ended with a joke.

At a time when the five brothers were about the only customers in the saloon, Jim said, "Let's slide over to the bar, boys. I believe we can stick old Mac for the drinks." (I think I saw him give Tex a sly wink.)

McCauley was wiping the polished bar in front of Jim. Jim said, "Mac, you old horse thief, we want you in on this game; and the point is, if any of us ask a question and someone can answer it, the man asking the question has to buy drinks for all. If nobody can answer the question everyone has to buy the questioner a drink, provided he can answer his own question."

Tex spoke up and asked, "How is it that a prairie dog can dig a hole fifty feet and leave no dirt on the outside?"

They all gave up, so it was up to Tex to answer his own question or buy the drinks. "The prairie dog don't leave any dirt on the outside," Tex said, "because he starts at the bottom and digs up."

McCauley snorted. "How does the prairie dog get down there to start digging?"

"Ah!" said Tex, "that's your question. Now *you* answer it."

McCauley cheerfully set out the drinks, including my fourth bottle of lemon soda. Shortly after this round of drinks, word was sent down by children that the coming year's supplies had been bought, paid for, and were ready to be loaded in the wagons. This information cast a gloom over Tex, Joe and Will.

Tex left, but not alone. He had the big brown gallon-jug in hand. Joe had his half-gallon jug. And Will left with a half-pint bottle hid in each pocket. He said his wife Lula didn't like the smell of it but had no objections to a little ol' half-pint. This brought to an end the day at McCauley's Saloon.

A DAY

FOR OVER forty years I made an effort at various times to learn something of the family history of the Clark brothers, something about their and my ancestors. For example, I asked Joe, my father, what his mother's maiden name was. He said it was Vaughn. A year or so later I asked him the same question again. He then told me her maiden name was Scott. I later asked Ed and he said his mother's maiden name was Smith; a little later, Jim told me it was Moore. Will said his mother's name before her marriage was Jones. I then braced my courage and asked Tex, thinking perhaps I would get somewhere. He said her maiden name was Sparks.

I then asked him if Grandpa Clark, his father, was married five times? "Hell no," he said, and wanted to know why I asked such a question. I told him that Joe, Jim, Ed and Will and himself had all given me different names.

"Well," he said, "that ought to learn you a lesson—learn you not to be asking questions." He continued, saying that once out on the Pecos River, at Horsehead Crossing, he saw a man in a cow-camp get shot dead just because he asked too many questions. (Joe had told me no less than fifty times about this man being shot dead at Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos for asking too many questions.)

I got to be more or less skeptical of my ancestors; however it was hard to picture the forefathers of the Clark brothers as not being honest and upright in all respects, otherwise Tex, Joe, Jim, Ed and Will could not have shown their high purpose in life—couldn't each of them cut five cords of wood in one day? What better record would you want? Five cords was three days' work for the average sort of man.

The hardest day's work I have done to date was when I started out one time to cut five cords of wood. I was seventeen years old and strong as a bull. I took off less than ten minutes for lunch, which we had brought with us.

Joe had stacked his five cords of wood shortly before sundown. He walked over where I was chopping and said, laughing, "Too many chips." He helped me rick (stack) my wood, and it measured up a fourth shy of being one full cord.

While stacking up, he said, "You've cut out enough chips here to make you full ten cords of wood. I didn't know if you was fighting fire over here or cutting wood. Too many chips! Too many chips! You got to look where you hit and hit where you look. Make every lick with the ax count; that's why a cross-eyed man ain't much at chopping wood."

I replied, "Yes, and if there is a next time, I won't start in on a blackjack tree, either."

"Well," Joe advised, "if you cut wood every day like you have today, for five or six years, you might learn to cut a couple of cords a day." That's what he thought of my ability. And it can be added that this standard of perfection extended to all types of woodworking, ship-building, cabinet and casket making, designings, etc. So it would seem absurd to become skeptical of these upright, hard-working men.

THE WORD of each was his bond. None of them was a thief except Joe—he stole his wife. He swiped Evie from her father, Jim Rolston, who was also the strong, silent type. The fact, as already stated, that these two men did not speak to each other again in life over a period of forty-five years was proof of their strength in that rugged tradition. After some research, inquiry and investigation, I wish to disclose the outstanding fact that James B. Rolston, the father-in-law, and Joseph S. Clark, the son-in-law, hold the world's record for father-in-law-son-in-law non-speaking. They are over twenty years ahead, and I doubt if their record will ever be equaled.

These two men worked so hard at not speaking, I have seen them on the street of Thorndale, standing and talking to the same stranger for four hours, mere-

(Continued on page 44)

Joe Clark and his boys with a load of cotton bales near Orange Grove, Texas in 1905

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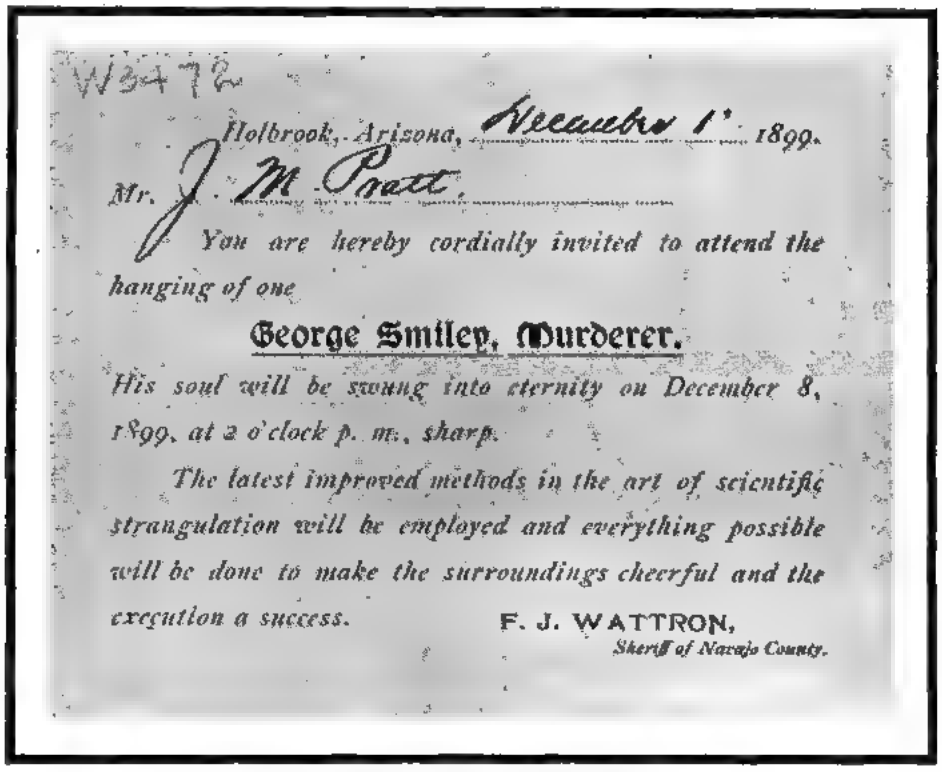


W3472

Holbrook, Arizona, December 1st 1899.

Mr. J. M. Pratt.

You are hereby cordially invited to attend the hanging of one

George Smiley, Murderer.

His soul will be swung into eternity on December 8, 1899, at 2 o'clock p. m., sharp.

The latest improved methods in the art of scientific strangulation will be employed and everything possible will be done to make the surroundings cheerful and the execution a success.

F. J. WATTRON,
Sheriff of Navajo County.

Sheriff Wattron's first invitation

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

NOBODY LAUGHED WHEN SMILEY DIED

—by order of the sheriff, the governor, the President and various foreign newspaper editors!

Author's Note: The Old West died hard and its passing was manifest in many ways. It wasn't a quick death but a lingering demise occasioned by prohibition laws, territories becoming states, and plows digging up the land. It was Butch Cassidy's outlaws being driven to refuge in South America and it was the passing of laws closing the all-night saloons.

One of the characteristics of our frontier days was the sometimes primitive, sometimes humorous way law was administered. It was the day of the vigilantes and Judge Roy Bean; a time when court was often held in a saloon and the judge's gavel was the butt of a six-shooter. But the law, too, had to grow up and another bit of the Old West died when it did. This is the story of one such incident.

"I'D SURE like to git asked to that hangin', Sheriff, I ain't never seen a legal one before." The speaker was standing at the bar with a drink in his hand and he grinned at Sheriff Wattron before he downed his whiskey.

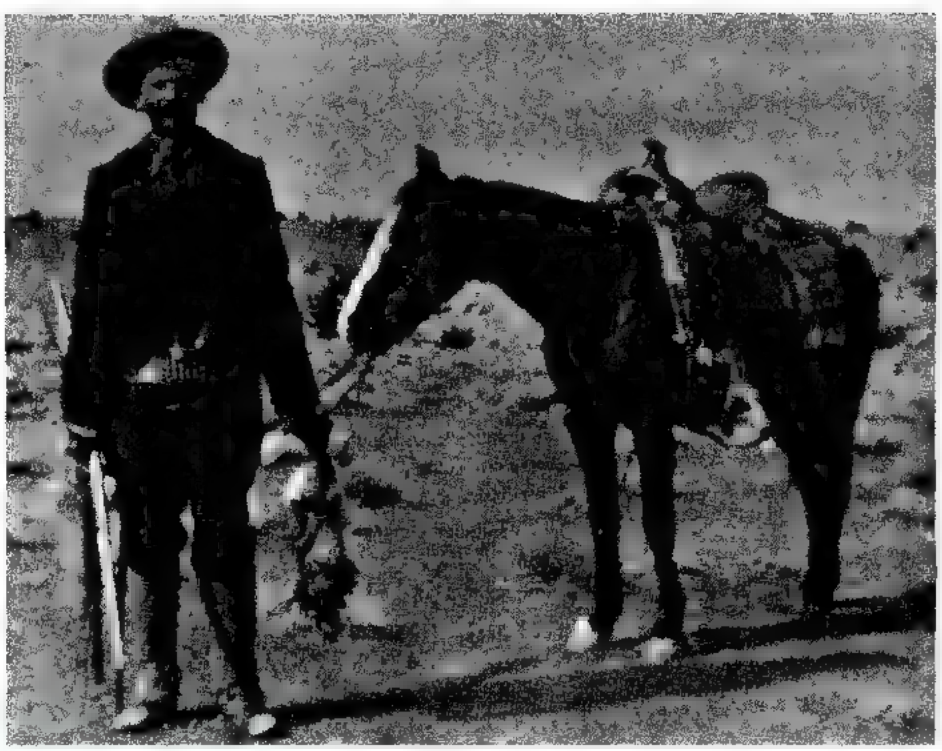
"Yeah, Sheriff," piped up another customer, "you better come up with something special in the way of invitations."

The sheriff got up from his chair and adjusted the hat on his head. "I'm not looking forward to getting up this invitation any more than I'm looking forward to the execution."

"Hey, I got it," shouted another barfly. "Why not print the invites on big poster sheets and post them all over the Territory? You could have them say somethin' like, 'If you're planning to be in Holbrook, why not hang around for the hanging?'"

The saloon patrons burst into loud guffaws, and the sheriff, grinning goodnaturedly, walked from the room and out into the night.

Sheriff F. J. Wattron thought about the impending execution more than he let his friends suspect. He was of French extraction, an educated man of scholarly propensities, whose nature was much



Sheriff Frank J. Wattron of Navajo County, Arizona

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more sensitive than his manner and actions would seem to indicate. He was a good sheriff and was serving his second term, but he would be glad when the hanging was over and done with.

Wattron owned a drug store in Holbrook, in the back of which was a small saloon. His friends had been badgering him for weeks about the impending hanging, mostly because they wanted to know what type invitation he was going to send out. Arizona territorial law prescribed that a certain number of invitations must be issued prior to an execution.

Wattron probably would have printed up a standard hanging invitation if it hadn't been for the ribbing of his friends, but as he walked down the Holbrook street that night, he began to get the germ of an idea.

IT HAD all begun back in March, 1899 when George Smiley tried to collect some back pay. Smiley was employed as a track-walker for the Santa Fe Railroad, and just before a payday his section foreman, McSweeney, decided to quit. When Smiley applied to the new foreman for eight hours' pay, he was told that he would have to see McSweeney since the work had been done under him. Puzzled, Smiley went to see McSweeney, but was told that he couldn't be expected to pay him since he was no longer with the railroad.

Smiley was shuffled back and forth between the two men until in his frustration and growing rage he felt they were deliberately making a fool of him. He began drinking heavily and evidently decided that he would settle with McSweeney—one way or the other—then leave the country.

The two men met on a Winslow, Arizona, street one day when Smiley had been drinking. Naturally, the back-pay matter was brought up and Smiley became adamant. McSweeney, seeing that he couldn't reason with the man, turned and walked away. Smiley followed and later testified that McSweeney stopped and made a threatening motion. Whatever the circumstances, Smiley drew a pistol and fired twice—the second shot mortally wounding his former employer in the back.

A telegram brought Sheriff F. J. Wattron, of Navajo County, to Winslow where Smiley was arrested without incident. Jailed at Holbrook, Smiley was tried in the court of Judge Richard Sloan and found guilty of murder on October 14, 1899. The evidence was strongly against Smiley, his hope of acquittal being further aggravated by the fact that McSweeney was survived by several small children and a wife in poor health. Judge Sloan sentenced Smiley to die on the gallows on December 8, and newly established Navajo County settled down to await its first legal hanging.

Smiley attempted a jail break, but when this was unsuccessful he seemed to have reconciled himself to his fate.

WATTRON has been described by contemporaries as "a scholar and gentleman" and "a man of sterling integrity, with a heart as sympathetic and tender as a child's." He was also described as smoking long, black cigars and taking large doses of opium for sleeplessness. Further, he was reportedly as handy with a shotgun as he was with his mortar and pestle, and often was given to "artistic, strange and terrible oaths." He had his virtues and his faults, apparently, but he seems to have been well thought of by officials and private citizens alike.

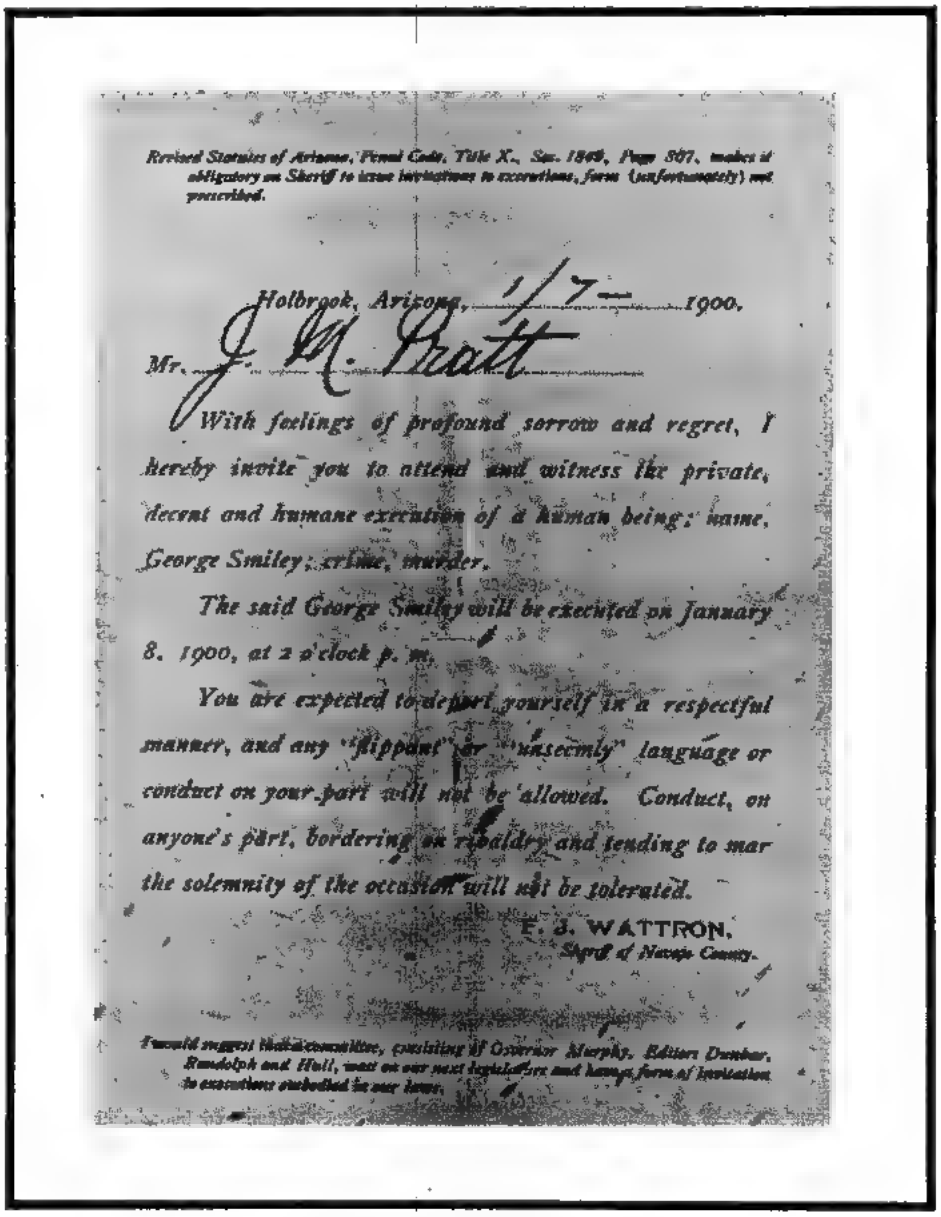
Frank Wattron had been a peace officer as early as 1887 when he was a deputy sheriff of what was then known as Apache County. Although the deadly Pleasant Valley War of the late 1880s raged all around him, Wattron managed to stay neutral with only minor contact with the feud. He was instrumental in the election of Commodore Perry Owens as sheriff, and was an eye-witness to Owens' famous gunfight at the Blevins home in Holbrook.

Wattron stood across the street and watched as the long-haired Owens walked up to the small frame house and shot it out with Andy Cooper, John Blevins, Sam Blevins and Mose Roberts.

Only Owens walked away from that fight after killing three of the men and wounding John Blevins. Owens had tried to serve a warrant on Andy Cooper, and the testimony of Wattron and others had completely exonerated him at the inquest. But this was in the past, and by 1899 Arizona Territory was trying to live down its wild past with an eye toward statehood.

There was no prescribed form for an execution invitation and Wattron decided to come up with something unique. After writing it up, he took a rough copy over to the local newspaper, the Holbrook *Argus*, whose editor also did job printing. C. O. Anderson was the editor and owner of the paper, as well as principal of the schools and the only lawyer in town. He told the sheriff he didn't have the proper facilities for doing the job and recommended that Wattron send it to an Albuquerque newspaper office

(Continued on page 68)



Revised Statutes of Arizona, Penal Code, Title X., Sec. 1849, Page 507, makes it obligatory on Sheriff to issue invitations to executions, form (unfortunately) not prescribed.

Holbrook, Arizona, 1/7— 1900.

Mr. J. M. Pratt

With feelings of profound sorrow and regret, I hereby invite you to attend and witness the private, decent and humane execution of a human being: name, George Smiley; crime, murder.

The said George Smiley will be executed on January 8, 1900, at 2 o'clock p. m.

You are expected to depart yourself in a respectful manner, and any "flippant" or "unseemly" language or conduct on your part will not be allowed. Conduct, on anyone's part, bordering on ribaldry and tending to mar the solemnity of the occasion will not be tolerated.

E. J. WATTRON,
Sheriff of Navajo County.

I would suggest that a committee, consisting of Governor Murphy, Editors Dunbar, Randolph and Hall, meet on our next legislature and have form of invitation to executions embodied in our laws.

Sheriff Wattron's second invitation

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In January, 1934, a blizzard caused the herd to scatter and delayed the journey. At right is Andy Bahr, the little Laplander who tackled a giant job and succeeded.

This story is more recent than we generally run; the area is far north of where we swing our rope. Yet here is a man who should be remembered, and who will be appreciated by anyone who's ever herded an animal—anytime—anywhere

By FRANCIS DICKIE

Photos Courtesy Author

HANNIBAL brought elephants across the Alps, and after 2,000 years is remembered with awe and admiration. Andy Bahr is forgotten. Yet he commanded a drive of animals which makes Hannibal's elephant march comparable to an easy circus parade down Main Street.

Bahr was a little, bandy-legged Laplander. He led the longest, most difficult drive of semi-wild animals in history, a feat not likely ever again to be attempted.

Bahr and his herdsmen brought 2,370 reindeer across 3,600 miles of American and Canadian Arctic, spending five years and four months in the process. He started out on December 22, 1929, and reached his goal on March 25, 1935.

Reindeer are not native to the American and Canadian Arctic. They were first imported into Alaska in 1892 by the U.S. Government as subsistence for the Eskimos in the region. With the first imported herd came Andy Bahr, famous in Lapland as a reindeer expert.

The experiment was so successful that in 1929 Canada decided to buy some of the animals which had been bred commercially in Alaska in the previous forty years, and present them to its own Eskimos. The Canadians agreed to pay Lomen Brothers, Alaskan commercial reindeer breeders and meat exporters, $195,000 for 3,000 reindeer on delivery at Kittigazuit, in the far Mackenzie Territory.

Lomen Brothers engaged fifty-seven-year-old Andy Bahr to take the animals from their depot at Nabaktoolit, Alaska, to Kittigazuit, a distance of 1,200 miles as the crow flies.

BAHR set out with ten apprentice Eskimo herders. He worked by compass through country which had never been surveyed. Because he had to find suitable feed all along the way for 3,000 large animals, many long detours were required. Three mountain ranges barred his way which he had to explore to find passes.

At times he was confronted with miles of treacherous marshland. His enemies, in addition to weather and terrain, included timber wolves, grizzly bears and, worst of all, the Arctic botfly which tormented the reindeer to the point of stampede.

There were lengthy delays to permit the female reindeer to fawn, with the herd resting until the young were strong enough to travel. At the end of the second year, only a third of the distance had been covered.

Between the summer of 1931 and the early winter of 1932, the Canadian Government had no word of Bahr. The ex-

pedition was faring badly. The hardships of the trip were so great that half of Bahr's Eskimo team of herdsmen deserted, returning to Alaska.

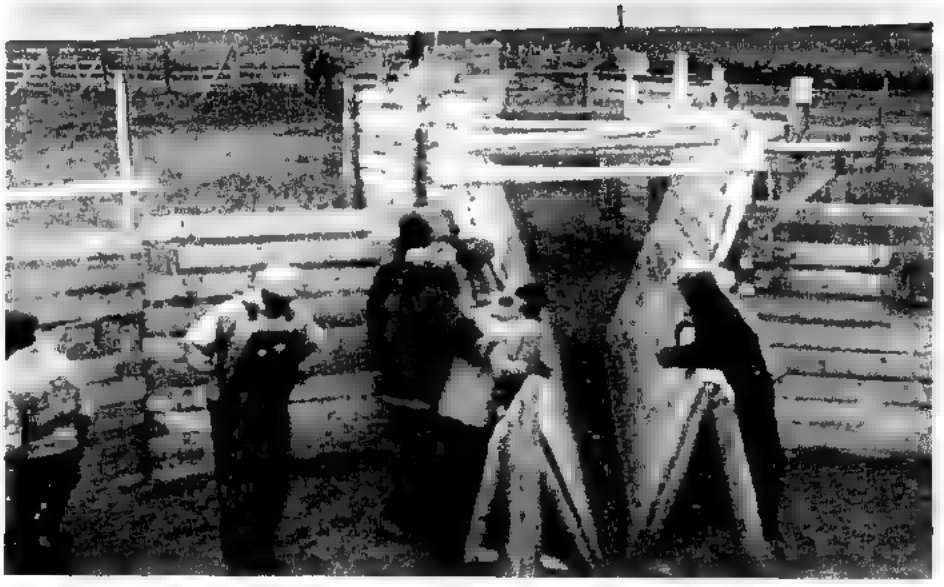
Fortunately, he was able to recruit two other Eskimo families. The wives and five adult children of this group helped the two fathers as herders.

In March, 1933, the reindeer reached the edge of Canadian territory. Here they stayed on good grazing land to gain weight and strength for the most hazardous stretch of the whole trip—the dash across the Mackenzie delta, an island-dotted expanse of 100 miles.

Because the delta islands offered no suitable feed, Bahr decided to cross the river in a desperate, 'round-the-clock drive. Only one thing was against his daring but necessary scheme—treacherous weather.

Late in September, 1933, Bahr drove the reindeer to the bank of the river to wait for enough snow to insure good footing. Snow came, and the herders rejoiced; it seemed that their labor, which had already lasted so much longer than they had expected, would soon come to an end.

On January 15, 1934, the animals were driven onto the ice. There were forty-eight hours of good progress. Then, with almost half the distance covered, a blizzard struck. In the blinding, savage onslaught of snow and wind the herd scattered back over fifty miles of rugged terrain to the nearer shore. The herders suffered frozen hands and feet, days of hunger. Yet, as soon as the blizzard was over, they began the slow task of rounding up the hundreds of widely separated



Top right, herders at Kittigazuit prepare to drive the herd into corrals. Right, the effect of the terrible botfly is apparent on these animals' coats. The photo below shows reindeer being herded into corrals.

animals.

WITH rounding up, allowance for fawning and the need to fatten and strengthen the animals again, another year passed. In September, 1934, the herd rested once more at the chosen crossing point of the Mackenzie's dread 100 miles.

All was ready for the dash on the night of December 18 and it was bright moonlight. The herd was about to move off when clouds abruptly covered the sky. With the swiftness of the unpredictable climate of that area, a thaw set in, changing the river into an impassable expanse of slush.

Weeks of inaction followed. On January 16, 1935, the leaders of the reindeer herd went down to the river bank. Seemingly from nowhere came a gale of north wind, driving the snow before it to create long reaches of bare ice. There could be no foothold for animals on that glacier-like surface.

Once more Bahr and his men waited. Frustrated so often and so long, they were beyond hope and beyond despair, yet unbeaten.

On February 18, moonlight and good snow gave footing on the river. The reluctant herd was urged down upon the frozen waste. Under the moon, through the half-lit day, through night again and day and night repeated, the herdsmen drove their beasts in drawn-

Left, the reindeer were driven into the corrals through chutes, one by one. Below, Bahr and his herders built corrals of this type on route—a laborious and time-consuming chore.

Above, the reindeer crossing the Mackenzie River valley near the end of the long drive. Right, Andy Bahr, left, and his herders pause on the white expanse of the Arctic to pose for this photo. Bottom right, these Laplanders and Eskimos assumed the duty of maintaining the reindeer herd after Bahr had reached his destination.

out procession, ceaselessly forcing them on with the cruelty of necessity.

At last, triumphant, Bahr and his Eskimos urged the final stragglers up the east bank of the Mackenzie. The supreme danger was over.

Five weeks later, 2,370 reindeer arrived at Kittigazuit, the end of 2,007 days of traveling. The estimate of the mileage they had covered—3,600—does not cover roundups after the countless stampedes which occurred during the five and a third years on the trek.

Casualties among the original herd were enormous. Only about fifteen per cent reached their new Canadian grazing land; the remainder of the 2,370 were born and grew up during the long drive.

Upon Bahr's return to his adopted home, Seattle, in April, 1935, the city declared a public holiday, toasted the ancient herdsman and gave him the keys to the city.

Ironically, however, Bahr found that all he had owned in this same city had been swept away in a depression of which he had had no news during his years in the wilderness.

Once he had been duly feted, the old Laplander was quickly forgotten. He died, penniless and alone, on May 2, 1945.

"Dear Father—
I don't know that the sun will ever rise and set for me again, but I trust in God and His mercy. At 8 o'clock I sit in court. The mob have me under guard . . ."

The DAY THEY KILLED the JUDGE

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Granite, Colorado, between Leadville and Buena Vista, circa 1879
Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

THUS Judge Elias A. Dyer began a letter at Granite, Colorado, on July 3, 1875, to his father, Rev. John L. Dyer, the mountain missionary called by miners the "Snow-Shoe Itinerant."

Elias planned to preside the next morning at the trial of a number of members of the self-named "Committee of Safety." For Judge Elias F. Dyer the sun rose the next morning. But he did not live to see the sunset.

That a Judge was murdered in his own courtroom while endeavoring to perform his lawful duties was one of the most unbelievable and disgraceful blots on Colorado's history. And that the killers should be members of a group claiming to stand for law and order, is one of the enigmas of our annals.

For months preceding the murder of Judge Dyer, Lake County seethed with trouble between two factions in the southern part of the area below Twin Lakes.

Killings had resulted from trivial things, triggered perhaps by tale-bearing and lying. Disputes over irrigation ditches, fights over fraudulent land claims, and considerable cattle rustling constantly stirred up strife.

Lake County, including all the territory west of Park County, was surrounded by mountains. No railway, no telegraph, no telephone had yet come across its borders. Communication with the "outside" was exceedingly slow.

Into that isolated area came Elijah Gibbs and his family in 1873. They settled on Coon Creek about seventy miles northwest of Canon City. Unaware of the tradition of the older settlers' dominating newcomers, Gibbs drove his team to a neighboring ranch one day and tied the animals near some men engaged in threshing. When Gibbs returned from the ranch house where he had completed an errand, he found that his team had been moved and the horses hitched to the threshing machine.

Gibbs was furious. He ordered (no doubt profanely) the team put back where he had left it, and brought his fists into play. This incident started bad blood which through the following months flared into white heat.

In June, 1874, Gibbs had a violent quarrel with George Harrington over a ditch in which both were interested. That night someone set Harrington's outhouse on fire. When he ran to extinguish the blaze, he was shot and killed.

Word of the murder flashed up and down Lake County. There were those who were convinced that Gibbs had killed Harrington; others said absolutely not. Later that night about fifteen friends of Harrington rode to Gibbs' cabin with the intention of hanging Elijah. They halted, however, when they found themselves looking into gun barrels which protruded from the window.

"Try the law if you want to. If Gibbs is guilty, all right—but Gibbs did not kill Harrington. If you attempt to take him," one of the men in the cabin shouted, "some of you will remain right here."

The riders backed away and faded into the evening shadows. But a warrant was sworn out against Gibbs. He was

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Reverend John L. Dyer, noted as the "Snow-Shoe Itinerant," father of the murdered judge

tried and was acquitted of the murder.

Scarcely had the verdict been announced when fifteen horsemen surrounded the Gibbs cabin. Inside were Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, their two small children and a neighbor, Mrs. Hutchinson, and her child.

The horsemen placed a large pile of brush against the ranch house and tried to set it on fire. When the results were not satisfactory, they used Gibbs' favorite race horse as a shield and made another wood pile against the door.

Just as a match was struck to turn the wood into flames, Gibbs fired a revolver through a hole at the side of the door. He hit two Boone brothers. One of them, Sam Boone, had a double barreled shotgun in his left hand. In his excitement he squeezed the trigger and wounded a third man, his uncle, Finley Kane. The Boones and Kane died, after lingering three days.

With the aid of several armed friends, the Gibbs family escaped during the night, down over the rugged mountains and through treacherous canyons to Monument. They were pursued by would-be destroyers who failed to catch up with them. At Monument the family took a train to Denver.

Later in his book, *The Snow-Shoe Itinerant*, Father Dyer wrote, "Everybody said that Gibbs had done just right in defending himself; that if he had killed more of them it would have been well. The press of the Territory sustained him."

In addition to preaching, Father Dyer himself had been Probate Judge of Lake County in the late 1860s and knew all of the settlers.

EXCITEMENT now swept Lake County. Good men aligned themselves with bad ones on both sides. The only clear-cut issue seemed to be—did Gibbs murder Harrington, or didn't he?

Gibbs and his friends discussed the situation and Gibbs went back to Brown's Creek and gave himself up to Constable Bertschy, who guarded him until he could be examined by A. B. Corwin, a Justice of the Peace.

At the trial, Gibbs and Mrs. Hutchinson told the same story. It was said that ten of the "vigilantes" corroborated their testimony. Gibbs was cleared on the ground of self-defense.

That night he, his brother William, Justice Corwin, and Lewis Gilliard struck out for Denver. A posse discovered them on the edge of South Park and chased them for some fifteen miles. By unloading their provisions, blankets and surplus baggage, the Gibbs party managed to escape. It was later reported that the "mob" destroyed the records of the proceedings of the examination of Elijah Gibbs for the killing of the Boones.

At once thirty friends of Harrington formed the Committee of Safety and took the law into their own hands. They headquartered at Nathrop's Mills, owned by wealthy Charles Nachtrieb for whom Nathrop was named. Then began a reign of terror which last almost a year. The Committee mustered everyone it could get in the ranching area, including tie-hacks who brought its number up to seventy-five.

For weeks the Committee leaders scouted after evidence. They arrested everyone whom they suspected of being a friend or sympathizer of Gibbs. They took them prisoner and held "court" in the Chalk Creek School.

Each individual was asked if he thought Gibbs had killed Harrington. Among those questioned was Judge Elias F. Dyer who was on his way to hold court in Granite, then county seat of Lake County. The Judge replied, "I do not think Gibbs was the murderer. I have known Gibbs ever since 1860. He is incapable of doing such a deed. He is as innocent of this charge as that snow outside is white."

Dyer immediately received some rough treatment and his horse was taken away from him. He was handed the following command:

Chalk Creek, Lake County
January 28, 1875

Judge Dyer:
You are hereby notified to resign your office as Probate Judge and leave this county within three days by order of
The Committee of Safety

DURING the next two days thirty persons were rounded up and imprisoned by the Committee. Each was sworn to secrecy and warned that if he ever disclosed what had taken place, death would be the penalty.

Judge Dyer, suffering from "white swelling," could not proceed on foot as ordered because of the deep snow and the below-zero weather. When the Committee learned that he had not departed as they had commanded they brought him into "court" again.

When he insisted that he could not travel except on horseback, the Committee finally returned his horse. The Judge mounted and rode off across the snowdrifts. He had not gone far, however, before he was stopped by two armed men who said they had orders not to let anyone pass. Dyer, fortunately, had once befriended one of them, so they let him go on unmolested. Feeling sure that his life was in danger, he left the road and struck out across country for Fairplay. From there he went to Denver and to Castle Rock where Father Dyer then was living.

Some of the older pioneers challenged the legality of the Committee's Court and refused to answer questions. In such cases a rope was placed around the neck and the person was raised from the floor three or four times until almost strangled. "Uncle" Jesse Marion was hanged twice; his neck and tongue were so swollen he couldn't speak. He was kept a prisoner by the Committee but later escaped down the Arkansas River.

During the next few weeks after Judge Dyer's departure, the Committee obtained government arms and ran off forty settlers from the Lake County area. They brazenly appropriated to themselves stock on the range belonging to those who had fled for their lives. Committee members also robbed homes. During their forays, two ranch women, one of whom was Mrs. Hugh Mahan, died supposedly from worry and fright. Twelve men were killed.

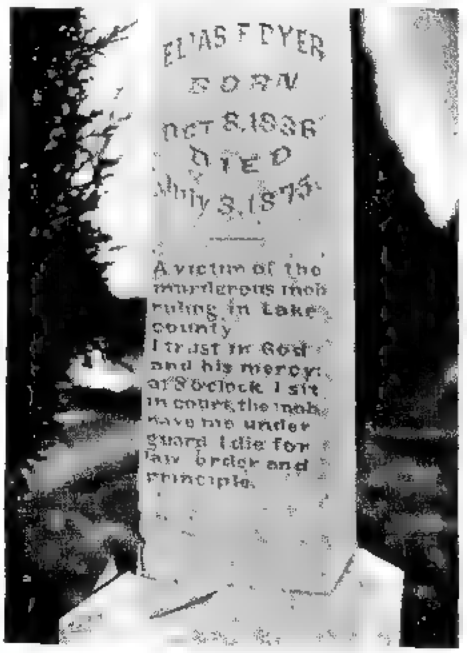
In answer to numerous appeals, the Acting Governor in Denver sent Dave Cook, law officer and well-known detective, to investigate the trouble. Strangely enough, Cook reported that "everything has quieted down." Perhaps it had, during his presence.

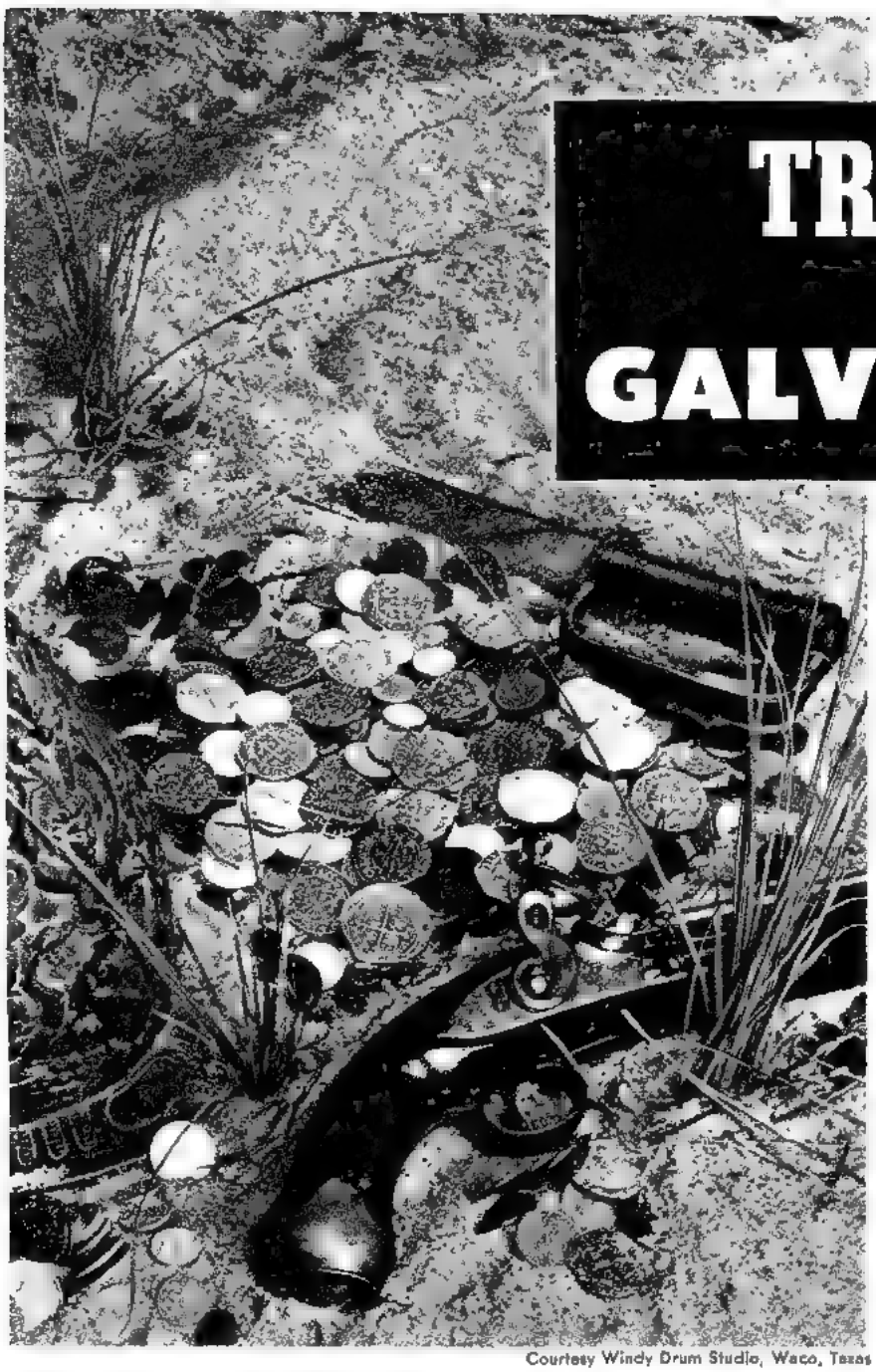
Father Dyer worked very hard that winter to get a bill through the Legislature which would attach Lake County

(Continued on page 66)

The epitaph on Judge Dyer's grave in Castle Rock notes his courage in facing his assassins.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection


ELIAS F DYER
BORN
OCT 8 1836
DIED
July 3 1875
A victim of the murderous mob ruling in Lake county
I trust in God and his mercy; at 8 o'clock I sit in court, the mob have me under guard I die for law order and principle.



Courtesy Windy Drum Studio, Waco, Texas

TREASURES OF GALVESTON BAY

By CARROLL LEWIS

Taken from TREASURES OF GALVESTON BAY by Carroll Lewis, copyright The Texian Press, Waco, Texas, 1966

THERE are more different treasures to be found around the vicinity of Galveston Bay than in any other comparable area in the world! And why not? This was the domain where the infamous pirate chieftain Jean Lafitte held sway.

His base at Galveston Island was perfectly located for his many pirating forays upon the rich Spanish fleet which carried vast fortunes of gold and silver from Mexico to Spain. Their trade routes could go nowhere else than through the gauntlet provided by Lafitte and his ships manned by more than 1,000 buccaneers.

What a tremendous store of prizes Captain Lafitte must have captured! One Spanish galleon alone, the *Santa Rosa* captured on June 12, 1816, yielded silver ingots valued at over $2,000,000.

Lafitte also had a very profitable sideline—selling slaves. One of his best customers was Jim Bowie—that gallant Texan who died defending the Alamo, and whose name is known worldwide for his design of the famous "Bowie" knife. It was estimated that Bowie made over $60,000 a year from selling slaves he had bought from Lafitte.

With the money derived from selling slaves and the wealth of booty plundered from over 300 Spanish ships, this buccaneer captain of Galveston Island must have amassed a tremendous fortune.

If the pirates did not bring treasures to the island—the hurricanes did. From Padre Island to Sabine Pass, the Gulf Coast was strewn with the wrecks of many treasure-laden ships which were sunk by the fierce Gulf storms. An early map drawn during the Galveston era of filibusterer "Coronel Perry" in 1816, shows the wrecks of two vessels not more than 300 yards offshore just south of Punta Bolivar (now Bolivar Point) and another wreck about midway between Punta Culebra (the east end of Galveston Island) and Pelican Island. These ships and their cargoes were never recovered.

In 1822, Stephen Austin purchased the schooner *Lively* to transport 300 families and their belongings to his colony in Texas. It was wrecked not far from San Luis Pass off the western end of Galveston Island. According to the papers of Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, "The crew was saved, but the provisions and cargo were all lost." What a cargo that must have been. In those days, the many modern methods of retrieving sunken treasure were unknown, and such cargoes were given up. The *Lively's* rich cargo still waits to be recovered.

On December 22, 1834, Robert Kleberg, whose heirs own the famous King Ranch in South Texas, and another early pioneer named VonRoeder, were shipwrecked 60 yards offshore and cast upon the beach midway down Galveston Island where "3 trees were seen." This was most probably "Lafitte's Grove." These two wealthy Texas settlers had their ship, *The Sabin*, well provided with clothes, money and equipment. This rich cargo still awaits a finder.

Dr. James Long and over 200 filibusterers lived on Bolivar Point just opposite Lafitte's fort on Galveston Island. His wife Jane became known as the "Mother of Texas" because she faithfully endured the hardships of such a life. While Lafitte was after his prey in the Gulf, Long and his henchmen seized some of the pirate's small boats which had been left in the harbor at Galveston. In a letter to General E. W. Ripley at Louisiana, in 1820, Long described this action and also mentioned "the presence of some men of Mascatee who knew of $130,000 in specie buried nearby." Long was killed later and the $130,000 in specie (worth much more now) was never found.

PIRATE booty is not the only treasure to be found around Galveston Bay, for this area was the area settled by wealthy plantation owners from the

Buccaneers, settlers and Mexican troops crisscrossed this land, and all had moments of extremity when their wealth had to be buried immediately or lost forever

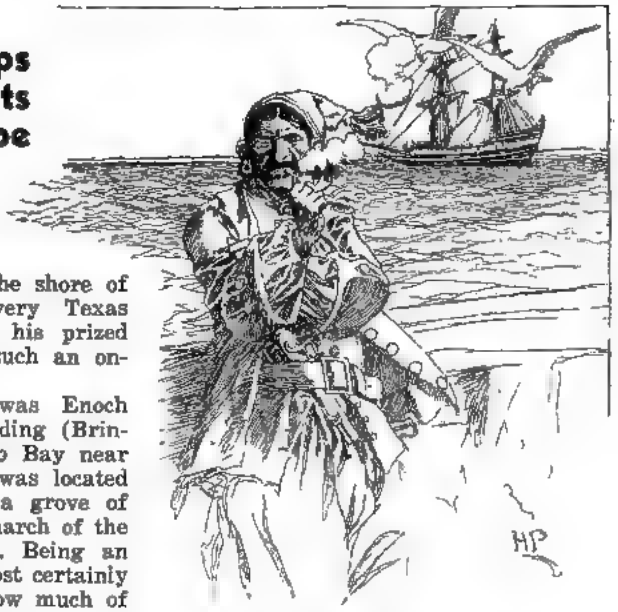


Illustration by Howard Pyle

South who moved all their belongings to the new land of Texas where they might set up larger dynasties.

Because of the menace from Indians, desperadoes and Mexicans, these settlers kept their money and jewels hidden or buried around their homesteads. Sometimes the owners died suddenly or were killed, and the secret of their treasure location died with them. Sometimes, when danger threatened, these settlers were forced to flee from their homes. There was no time to dig up their valuables; so they left them buried, knowing that their cache would be safely hidden until their return. Some never came back.

Deaths or other series of events prevented the return of many. Others, after moving to a safer and more comfortable community, decided never again to face the terrors and hardships of early Texas living and gave up their homesteads along with their buried valuables.

A grandmother of Ivy Ilfrey who lived near Cedar Bayou in those days, said that since there were no banks at that settlement, everyone there buried his wealth for safekeeping. There are probably many of these lost treasure caches to be found.

One resident of Piney Point, west of Houston, buried $18,000 in gold during the Civil War so the Union troops would not find it. As the war progressed, his memory of the cache's location grew dimmer, and when the war was over, he was utterly confused as to the exact location. The Yankees did not get his gold—but neither did he.

In 1929 a construction crew erecting a filling station at Houston on the corner of Washington Avenue and Houston Street, found a pot containing $2,000 in gold buried in the ground there, mute testimony to the treasure-burying custom of the early settlers.

Col. Ham Washington buried $1,000,000 in gold to prevent its capture by the Union Army. His fortune has not been found yet.

The biggest threat, however, to the settlers around Galveston Bay was the terrible marauding army of Mexico in 1836. Led by General Santa Anna, this army of more than 5,000 troops had already captured the town of San Antonio, destroying the Alamo fortress and killing all of its defenders, among whom were Jim Bowie, Davy Crockett and William B. Travis. Colonel Fannin and his entire command at Goliad were massacred, and the Mexican force was on its way to capture the fleeing officials of the newly-formed Texan government. They were camped at New Washington (now Morgan's Point) on the shore of Galveston Bay. Surely, every Texas homesteader hid or buried his prized possessions in the face of such an onslaught.

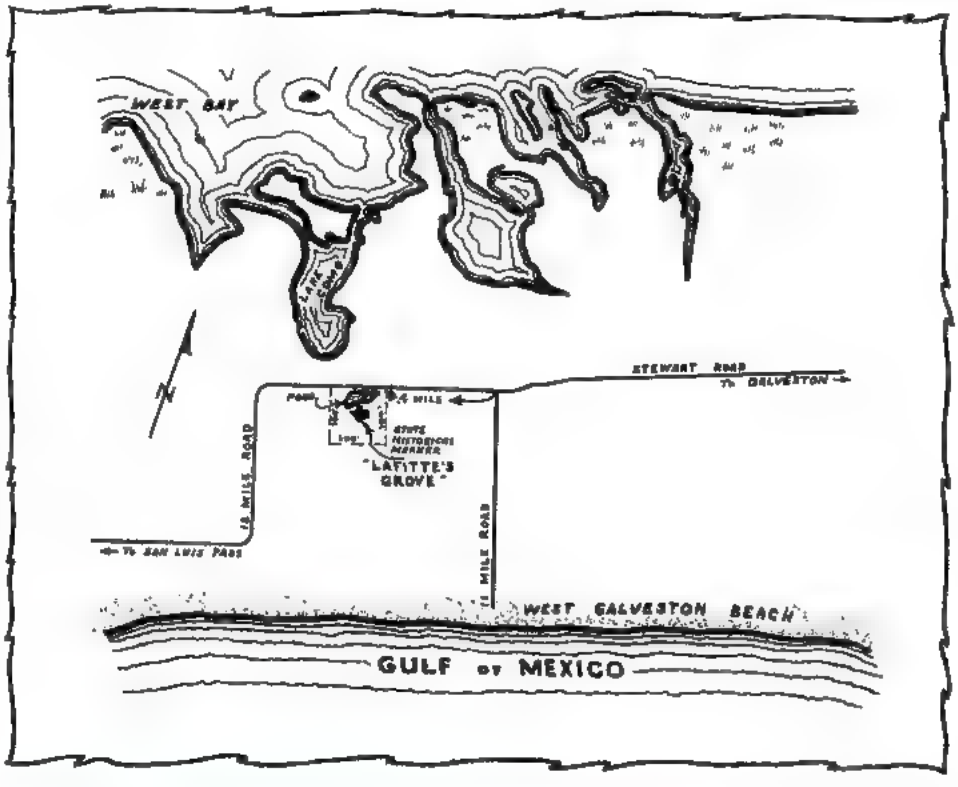
One of these colonists was Enoch Brinson who had a boat landing (Brinson's Point) on San Jacinto Bay near Morgan's Point. His home was located just west of La Porte in a grove of trees—right in the line of march of the approaching Mexican Army. Being an early settler, Brinson had most certainly built up quite a fortune. How much of it did he hide from the Mexicans? How many of Enoch Brinson's prized possessions might still lie buried around that grove of trees? A treasure hunter would do well to explore that spot.

SANTA ANNA called himself the Napoleon of the West, but he met his Waterloo just a few miles north of Enoch Brinson's homestead. In the afternoon of the 21st of April in 1836, General Sam Houston and his rag-tag band of 783 Texians surprised a sleeping Mexican Army of 1,150 troops which was camped upon the plains of Saint Hyacinth (San Jacinto). After an incredibly short but fierce eighteen minutes, the Mexican Army was completely routed. Santa Anna was captured and surrendered to a victorious Texas republic.

But one thing was missing! The Mexican Army was surprisingly devoid of funds. Twelve thousand dollars was supposed to have been found and divided among the Texians, but several soldiers reported that this was not so. As a matter of fact, the only wealth confiscated from the Mexicans was a small amount of gold picked from the fillings in the teeth of dead soldiers. Did this huge army travel without money to pay its troops? Did it not have means with which to buy supplies along the way? Or did it loot and plunder for its needed provisions? If it did loot and plunder, what happened to the gold, silver, jewels, and other valuables taken from the hap-

(Continued on page 50)

Courtesy Author



This map shows the location of Lafitte's Grove on Galveston Island.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE MEN slept soundly, if not dreamlessly in the jail at Williamsport, North Dakota. Quietly out of the raw and windy darkness of November 14, 1897, forty masked men swept down to capture the sleepy jailer and gain access to the keys. They carried the three struggling men to a nearby meat rack, used for hanging animals for butchering, and there ended their lives.

Western North Dakota had been in an uproar for many months. Today neither house, barn nor the little town of Winona exists. In fact, the locations are so obscure that only old-timers can recall just where the "scene of the crime" was. But court records, newspaper clippings and other accounts keep alive the memory of a horrifying chain of events.

The owner of the farm, Thomas Spicer, was out cleaning his barn. His wife, whose first name seems not to be a matter of record, was doing chores in the house, helped by her mother, Mrs. Waldron, and a married daughter, Mrs. William Rowse. Twin eighteen-month-old sons of the Rowses played on the floor. Bill Rowse was across the frozen river working on a new home for his family, who had been temporarily living with his in-laws.

Suddenly five young Indians walked into the stable, but Spicer paid little attention. Indians from nearby Standing Rock Indian Reservation were always coming and going near his farm, and most folks thought that, although frequently drunk and generally "shiftless," the reservation Indians were harmless. In fact, one of the young bucks, Philip Ireland, had been dickering with Spicer for a mare.

As a good horse trader would, Spicer apparently played it cool. He wheeled a load of manure out of the barn past the group of loitering Indians. Then Paul Holy Track, a nineteen-year-old, cocked his muzzle-loading rifle and with no warning shot Spicer in the back. The "liquored-up" Indians attacked the body, using an axe, a pitchfork, and a spade, before they dragged the remains beside a feed manger and covered it with straw and manure.

WHEN Mrs. Spicer heard the shot, she walked to the stable to investigate. As she entered, Holy Track put a slug into her face, killing her instantly. The party chopped her up in the same manner as they had her husband.

The murder party then went to the house, one of them picking up a club en route. Entering the kitchen they first found Mrs. Spicer's mother, Mrs. Waldron. She was too old to fight, even if she had been prepared, and the drunken Indians beat her to death.

Led by Alec Coudette, about twenty-three years old, the party started through the doorway to a room where Mrs. Rowse had taken refuge with her small children. Forewarned by the fate of her grandmother, she fought desperately. Coudette was met by a blow from a rifle butt. Although she was an expert shot, she had no ammunition so she grabbed a hoe.

Paul Holy Track then tried to enter the room. He was slowed by the hoe which chopped at his forehead, but staggered on. The embattled mother attempted to strike him again but the hoe became entangled in a clothes line which was stretched across the room, and the intended blow failed.

Mrs. Rowse was then overpowered and beaten to death with a branding iron and a club. George Defender, a twenty-four-year-old, picked up a table leg and bashed the life out of the two helpless babies.

After completing the sextuple murder,

By CAROL MAREK

Mrs. William Rowse, one of the victims

Why did the five young Sioux turn against this particular family? Was it just an old hatred for white men in general which suddenly could not be controlled?

STRANGE MURDER of the SPICER FAMILY

Above, a collection of photos of the five Sioux accused of the Spicer slaying. Right, on November 14, 1897, Alec Coudette (Kodet), Paul Holy Track, and Philip Ireland were victims of mob justice.

the Indians leisurely ransacked the house, stealing anything they could find.

THE CRIME was not discovered until the following morning when John Spicer, Thomas' brother, stopped by en route to the river. He found the bodies and rushed to Winona to give the alarm. A dispatch was sent to the Indian agent at Fort Yates asking for help in solving the senseless massacre.

The following Sunday, States Attorney H. A. Armstrong began an investigation. Little really could be done, because the Indian agent, himself white but married to a 'breed and irritated over harsh treatment of Indians, had issued an order preventing civil authorities from entering the reservation to interrogate suspects. This order was revoked in Washington as soon as the Department learned of the nature of the incident.

A posse, arranged by Sheriff Peter Sheir, rode to the Standing Rock Indian Agency and tried to unravel the mystery. A routine examination of anyone who might have been involved in the murder turned up no real evidence.

For reasons not made clear in any account, Frank Black Hawk and Alec Coudette, a few days later, were picked up in Bismarck by the sheriff. They were arrested as suspects and placed in the Burleigh County jail in Bismarck.

Following preliminary examination they were transported to Williamsport, then the county seat of Emmons County. There, because of insufficient evidence, a hearing was postponed and the suspects were returned to the Burleigh County jail.

Aaron C. Wells, a half breed, who had done detective work before for lawmen, took it upon himself to do some investigating. He gained a few leads from a group of visiting Indians from the Fort Totten Reservation. Because of their testimony a number of other Indians were called in and questioned.

As a result of these "semi-judicial" proceedings, Philip Ireland was confined in the agency guardhouse. And on the basis of information disclosed at the hearing of Philip Ireland, Paul Holy Track also was picked up as a suspect and placed in the guardhouse at Fort Yates.

After much interrogation of the two nineteen-year-olds, Paul Holy Track finally broke down and told the whole story. Philip Ireland, when informed of the confession, corroborated the statements of Paul Holy Track in every material matter. These confessions implicated George Defender, thus setting the stage for a preliminary examination of Frank Black Hawk and Alec Coudette, using the two "boys" as witnesses.

The two original suspects, Frank Black Hawk and Alec Coudette, were brought from the Burleigh County jail to Williamsport, and given a hearing. It was decided that the two would appear at the next term of district court, after which they were returned once more to the Burleigh County jail.

SOME MONTHS later, on June 1, 1897, district court convened. The first case presented was the State of North Dakota vs. Alec Coudette. The defendant tried to offer an alibi and pleaded "not guilty." While confined in jail, Coudette had attempted suicide. This seems to have been a strong factor in influencing the verdict. The deliberation of the jury was brief, and the verdict was "guilty as charged." The punishment was to be death upon the scaffold by hanging.

An appeal to the Supreme Court of North Dakota postponed the execution.

After the Coudette case, the states attorney moved that the case of the State vs. George Defender be bound over to district court. The testimony filed by the states attorney against Defender was similiar in all respects to the one filed against Coudette.

Court convened in the same courtroom on July 12, 1897. On being arraigned, Defender pleaded "not guilty." The jury was out for sixty hours and gave up, the foreman announcing "no verdict." A new trial was set.

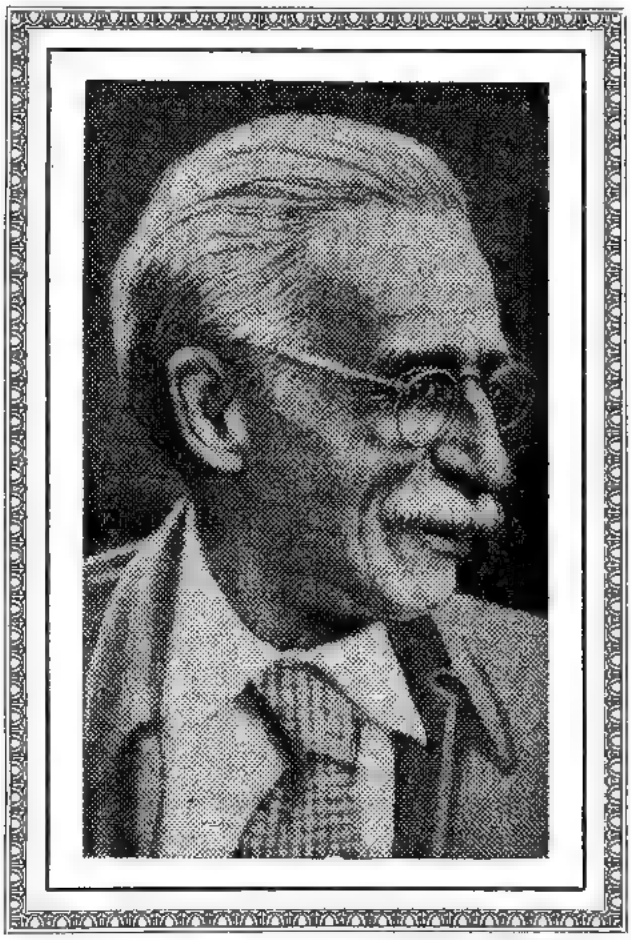
Because of the widespread publicity brought by the two trials it was difficult to impanel another jury from the county. Consequently the state did not oppose the motion of the defendant's counsel for a change of venue. This also applied to the pending trial of Frank Black Hawk, and both cases were transferred to Burleigh County for further action.

At the close of the Defender trial, which ended in a hung jury, George Defender and Frank Black Hawk were confined in the Bismarck jail. The other three, Paul Holy Track and Philip Ireland, neither of whom had been placed on trial, and Alec Coudette, under sentence of death, were placed in the county jail at Williamsport to await the outcome of the appeal to the Supreme Court in the Coudette case.

On the night of November 14, 1897, the three were lynched by a masked mob. George Defender and Frank Black Hawk escaped the noose by reason of being housed in a different jail, only to meet death shortly after release. One drank himself to death, but the records are obscure as to cause of the other's demise.

The Supreme Court had freed the two survivors because the only evidence was from collaborators in the crime and was not admissible testimony.

There are a lot of loose ends. No one knows why the Spicer family fell victim to this strange attack, and probably no one ever will. The reasons are buried with the five "good" Indians.



Courtesy the Public Library of Newark, New Jersey

WILL CRAWFORD

WIZARD of PEN and INK

By LES BEITZ

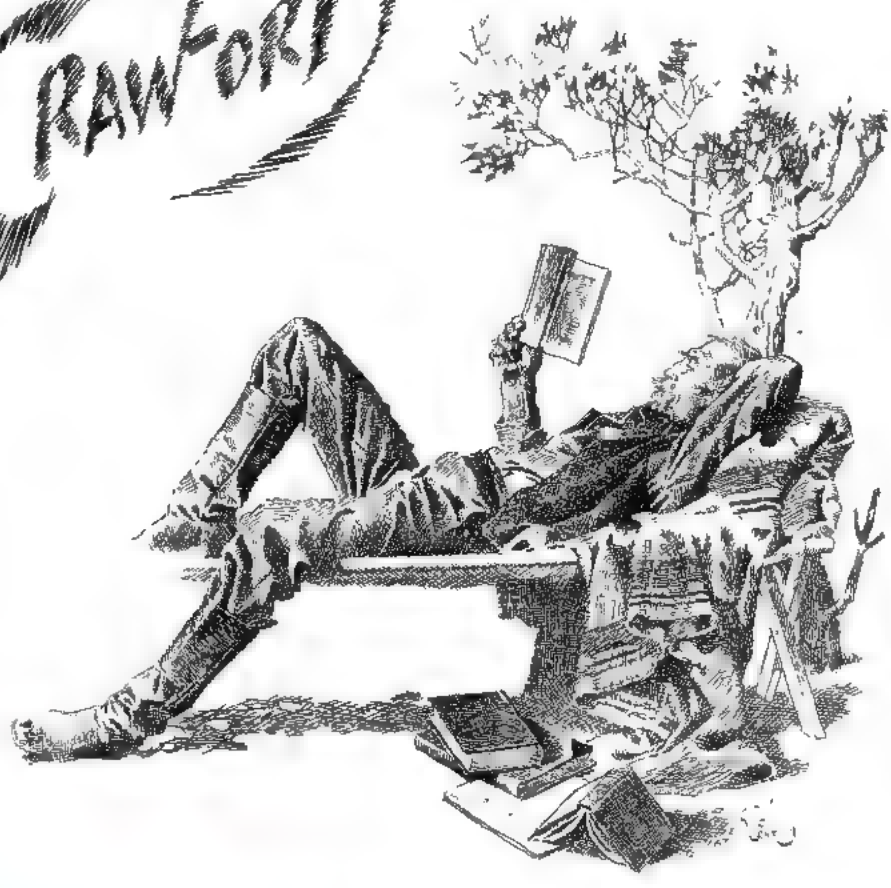
FIRST IN A SERIES OF OUTSTANDING WESTERN ARTISTS AND THE PARTICULAR MEDIA OF EACH . . .

ON MARCH 7, 1944, at the age of seventy-five, Will Crawford died of a stroke at the home of a niece, Mrs. Joseph Tomasetti, in Scotch Plains, New Jersey, only a short distance from his two-room log cabin. According to accounts concerning the inventory of effects—estate—or whatever it is probate people deal in, Will didn't leave much. That's true. He'd already left his treasure to the multitude.

For a period of some fifty-odd years Will Crawford, in the estimation of top illustrators and art appreciators alike, was one of America's best pen and ink artists. His thousands of graphic gems have contributed a mighty legacy to the art of illustration in America—particularly his Western subjects.

Charlie Russell, on more than one occasion, said that Crawford was the *best* pen and ink artist in this country. True, the great Montana cowboy artist was a good friend of Will but he didn't butter up Crawford's work simply because of friendship; anyone who ever knew Charlie Russell would testify to that.

Will Crawford was born in 1869 in Washington, D. C., where his father was a Treasury employee. His family, however, had been among the early settlers of Irvington, New Jersey, and when Will was a year old his parents returned there. His grandfather had established the first general store in that town.



Titled *The Right Tempo*, or *The Wild West in Reserve*, illustration below is reproduced from *Cow People*, by J. Frank Dobie.

Courtesy Mrs. Bertha Dobie

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will must have begun to draw pretty early because when we first hear of him in the mid-1880s, he was employed as a staff illustrator for the Newark, N. J. *Daily Advertiser*. He also did work for the Newark *Sunday Call*.

MacKinley Kantor, his close friend for many years, says that Will was largely self-taught. No one has come up with specific information concerning where Will studied or when, or under whom, so it's fairly apparent that he was a "natural" insofar as art education goes. And this isn't surprising. Charlie Russell never took a formal art lesson in his life, and Fred Remington spent most of his time while enrolled at Yale Art School playing football for Walter Camp.

At any rate, Will Crawford at seventeen had dug his spurs into the business of illustration at an age when most city kids were still dwelling on the idea of what they might someday make of themselves. He rose rapidly in skill and professional stature. Within a half dozen years of so-called "apprenticeship," he had wielded his crow quill pen into high-salaried art positions on the big New York newssheets—the *Journal*, *World* and *Tribune*.

BY THE early 1900s, the diminutive gnome-like kid (he was barely five feet six) had achieved an enviable record as illustrator for such top-flight periodicals as *Cosmopolitan*, *Scribner's*, *Collier's*, *Life*, *Puck*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *McCalls*—you name it; Will Crawford was drawing for it. He also did illustrations for a number of magazines which later went bust—*Judge*, *St. Nicholas*, *Munsey's*, *Punch*—and once expressed the humorous hope that his work for them "had nothing to do with their downfall." Actually, every sketch he did was a jewel of artistic accomplishment. He presented his subject with flawless technique and effect.

About this time, Will and another well-known illustrator of Western life, John N. Marchand, set up shop in a barn-like studio near Union Square, New York. Albert Levering, a wingding cartoonist, also shared the studio and the three of them had a fine time up there concocting good humor, good art and good grub in a common stew-pot. One might have taken them for a congenial trio of hoboes—with the luxury of a roof—except for one feature. All three were producing top-flight art for important publications and never missing a deadline.

Momentarily, this period was one of peaks and declines for Will. His income was more than adequate, but Will was what the pickpockets—dips—call a "darling." When he was flush, Park Row pickpockets had an easy time of it because of Will's careless habit of stuffing loose bills into his outside pockets. He never did quite figure out where or how he'd disposed of so much money in such a short span of time.

Or did he *really* know? Will Crawford was, after all, Will Crawford; a different sort of man—and artist—than most.

Union Square studio life was great work amid great play, and in 1902 Will needed a breather. He and Marchand teamed up for a jaunt to Montana—and it was here that Crawford came to know first-hand the work of young Charlie Russell. They met, drank, smoked, powwowed and speculated a good bit concerning what Charlie should do next with his wonderful talent. Both Crawford and Marchand came to the conclusion that Charlie was ready for New York City. There he would be in close contact with major publishing enterprises and the editors of nationally circulated magazines, and could get a real big toe in the door toward furthering his career. Will and Charlie hit it off right from the start. Each had an immediate understanding of the other's way with art, and this mutual esteem lasted throughout their lives.

Not long after, in the fall of 1903, Charlie and Nancy Russell made the trip to the "Big Camp," as Charlie called New York. Most of the time there, Charlie hung out in the studio with Will, Marchand and Levering and—this is significant—that brief period had a heap to do with Russell's pen and ink prowess in the months and years which followed.

Russell had always had a special feel for the brush but he wasn't always quite sure of himself when it came to the subtleties and finesse required for good pen and ink work. Crawford conveyed a few tidbits of "know-how" in the way of pencraft which were a revelation to Charlie. He caught on fast, and from there on in Russell's pen and ink work radiated a fidelity and a fluency in spontaneous effect it had never before possessed.

Will Crawford's fine-line pen technique is exemplified in this remarkable illustration of Kit Carson from the original 1926 edition of *On To Oregon* by Honore Willsie Morrow.

Courtesy William Morrow and Company, Inc., Publishers, New York, N.Y.

Charlie was sharp enough to realize that he'd latched on to a fistful of blue chips in the secrets Will had dished out for him. It's doubtful that many of the marvelously decorated letters compiled in *Good Medicine* or much of the wonderful sketch work in *Trails Plowed Under* would have come about had it not been for Charlie's having picked up the scent trailing from Will Crawford's pen. It was the key which opened a big padlock to Charlie's storehouse of graphic ideas.

When the Russells headed back to Montana in early 1904 after four months in the big town, Charlie packed along in his kit two incomparable gifts—the enduring friendship of Will Crawford and a new way to make his pen tell the story of the Indian, the cowpony and the open range.

IT WAS 1910. And then, almost before Will realized it, eight more years had flown by. They were years during which he had woven, with millions of little strokes, hundreds upon hundreds of paper tapestries depicting Comanches, South Seas adventurers, children with puppies and toads and rabbits. He had drawn gentlemen in elegant smoking jackets, beasts of the jungle, cowboys, marauders and mariners of the Spanish Main. There were tremendous sketches of Foreign Legionnaires, princesses, Kentucky frontiersmen, Chinamen, bears, tramps and all manner of subjects dealing with far away places and strange things. He once drew a village idiot. But Will didn't make him a grotesque, pathetic creature; he endowed him with a humility which made the sorry fellow pretty much a part of the town's "good folks." That drawing is a powerful lesson in understanding.

In 1918, after years of discipline to his craft, Will sort of kicked the traces. He had been a top hand in his field for twenty years or more and had gotten a little tired of pressures incident to the constant demands for book and magazine art. Although he had always relished the challenge of new and exciting assignments (and had long named his own price for them), he finally wearied of deadlines. He decided to check out for parts remote where he could draw and carve and knock around somewhat according to his own whims. Will had never married so he had little in the way of domestic considerations to thwart his impulses.

He set up bachelor quarters in a little, old-time transcendental community called Free Acres in the Watchtung Mountains near Scotch Plains, New Jersey. It was Free Acres—literally, as well as geographically, for Will. He built a two-room log cabin where he puttered around with his archery gear, did amusing things with his woodcarving tools and, just to keep in form, sketched story titles and spot illustrations for *Adventure Magazine*.

Gun collecting was one of his principal diversions. Over a period of years, he assembled a remarkable collection of antique arms exemplifying the evolution of such weapons from the earliest matchlock on down to a pair of Frontier Colts presented him by the maker. In effect, Will was still playing the game he was born to, but more or less on his own terms.

THIS semi-retirement phase of his career logically should have resulted in a mere trickle of art in comparison with his normal output during the "full" years. But it didn't work out that way. It seems that Will's pen simply wouldn't stay still in spite of his yearning for a slackened pace. For the next ten years the most eloquent illustrations for children's books yet produced in America poured forth from the log structure in the New Jersey woodlands. During these years, too, his complete-issue illustrations for *Adventure*—that is, graphic decoration for *every* story, article, feature and department carried—brought that publication's pictorial stature to the highest in the profession. Those issues of *Adventure* are, in effect, "books" illustrated by Will Crawford.

But the passing of moons finally assumed an upper hand in the matter. In 1940 Will, then over seventy, found New Jersey winters increasingly difficult to manage. The California sunshine of song and legend seemed to him to be a much more compatible setting for his declining years.

Only a precious few were left. Two of them were spent in Hollywood at a little hotel called the Highland. While there, Will served on an advisory board for the Exposition Park Museum. Because

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Will's thorough knowledge of period costume and early firearms assured complete authenticity in the illustration of subject material such as "Spanish Adventurer" at left. Below, a study which accentuates his inimitable pen style.

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One day the sleepy little town of Camp Verde got jolted right down to the bottom of its whistle-stop!

Above, a homestead near Chasm Creek. Left, the author's stepfather, George W. Bailey, in front of Wingfield's store at Camp Verde, Arizona, 1912.

BADMAN of CHASM CREEK

By DAVE HOPKINS

Photos Courtesy Author

NEAR SUNDOWN three dust-covered men carrying side arms and rifles jogged down our main street and pulled rein at the entrance of Wingfield's Stables and Feed Yard. The cinch rings clanked on the hard street as they unsaddled the jaded horses and turned them into the corral to roll off some moisture and to be fed and watered. Several small boys gathered around in curiosity.

One of the boys, a little braver than the others, asked one of the men where they might have come from. This man did not answer, but one of medium build and ruddy complexion stepped to the front. His dusty face, burned brown, showed he had spent many long years in the saddle.

"Son," he said, "I'm Sheriff Bill Dickinson from Flagstaff" and at the same time, using his left hand to turn his vest in a way that his star could be seen by all, added, "These men are my deputies. We're here looking for a man wanted for murder."

The boys looked at each other in astonishment. Imagine a real-life murderer being in our little town of Camp Verde!

At this point the three lawmen picked up their rifles and, with spurs still affixed to their boots, went clanking across the street to the hotel.

Another hour found them mixing with the crowd in the local poolroom where men from all walks of life had gathered for an evening's recreation. There were mail carriers, freighters, cowboys, miners, farmers and laborers, all enjoying themselves at the various card tables, visiting or just plain looking.

In one corner sat a thirteen-year-old barefoot boy—me. I was too young to be where I was, but as long as I sat out of the way and kept still, the proprietor let me go unmolested.

Tobacco smoke hung in the crowded room under its one gasoline lantern suspended from the ceiling. This was back in 1915. Sheriff Dickinson motioned everyone up to the bar for a soft drink, as our community enforced a local option at that time prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor. All card playing was temporarily suspended and the bar was filled to the point of overflow.

When all had been served their drinks by proprietor Ernest Richards, the Sheriff pulled a picture from his pocket and passed it down the lineup to be seen by everybody. I walked up near the bar, endeavoring to get a glimpse of the picture as it was passed from one to another. I was trying my best not to step on a cud of wet, slippery chewing tobacco with my bare feet, and at the same time taking precautions not to be too conspicuous and get ordered from the room.

When the picture had made its rounds and had been returned to the Sheriff, one could see men wearing ten-gallon hats shaking their heads that they hadn't seen any such culprit in their travels—but there was one man who did not shake his head or say a word. He was Dave Lewis, an Apache cowboy who at that particular time was engaged in carrying the mail horseback from Camp Verde, Arizona to the Fossil Creek power house, thence to the Childs power house, and upriver from there to Camp Verde again by way of Chasm Creek.

DAVE HAD just taken a chair near mine when the Sheriff sat down by him and asked if he had seen the man in the picture. Now Dave had been to school and spoke good English, but he did not answer the Sheriff until after considerable deliberation, as if he were balancing up the greater of two evils. One was to lose the extra money which had been paid him by the criminal for delivery of groceries and other needs as he made his rounds with the mail; the other, to relieve his conscience and tell the Sheriff where the criminal was.

As a law abiding citizen, he chose the latter course and told the Sheriff, "Yes, I see him today in the Chasm when I come by with the mail. He live in cave above trail where I cross. No talk, just make signs with hands."

At this point the Sheriff became deep-

(Continued on page 72)

MY FATHER had been farming in Texas for about three years and was doing quite well, but didn't know it. Papa took "western fever" again in 1903. He and Mother loaded everything they could haul into a covered wagon and we headed toward Indian Territory. I was one year of age and my sister, Ethel, wasn't quite two.

We were three weeks on the road and arrived at our destination close to Christmas.

As my father had lived in the Arapahoe community before, he had no trouble in renting a place. He bought plow tools and a team of mules. Mother took a man's place and went right along by Papa's side to try to accumulate material things as fast as possible. She left us children at the house while she worked in the field, but went back and forth frequently to check on us. We lived around Arapahoe for seven years.

The Indians were on reservations and were issued rations of food and money at intervals, but some of them just wouldn't give up their old customs. Bands of them still lived in tepees and camped in the Washita river bottom and nearby creek beds. These were the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes.

One day Papa was going to Clinton for supplies. He saw an Indian man jump up from the side of the road and run into the woods out of sight. Papa stopped his horses and walked over to where the Indian had been sitting. He found a dead horse lying there with a long-bladed knife sticking in its side. The Indian had been eating. Papa took the knife and went on his way, leaving the horse so the Indian could finish his lunch.

Then there was the time we were visiting one of our neighbors. A band of Indians came by and wanted to buy a cow. Our neighbor sold the cow, after which the Indian men chased her around the pasture several times to make her meat tender, as was their custom. Then they killed the cow, and the squaws and children rushed in, skinned her and began eating the meat and intestines raw.

THE INDIANS named their children after birds, animals and trees of the forest. In our community one chief was named Lone Wolf, another named Little Wolf and another, Mad Wolf. Mad Wolf had made a bad reputation for himself among the settlers of the Territory. Everybody feared and hated him.

According to the rumors we heard, he lived up to his name. It was reported that in earlier days he had taken little babies from their mothers' arms and killed them by tossing them into the air and catching them on his spear. At one time he rode his pony into Arapahoe with women's scalps tied on each side of his bridle for decoration. Some white men, seeing this, hurried into a hardware store, seized some guns and ran him out of town. They said they would kill him if he ever came back.

Our own lives were marked by a frightening experience with Mad Wolf. It was spring, and Mother and Papa were very busy plowing and planting for the new crops. Mother had put off doing the family laundry for two or three weeks because of the scarcity of water. It was a very dry country except in the rainy season, and we had to haul water in barrels from a spring five or six miles away.

Mother had asked Papa several times to stop his work and go with her to the spring, but he kept putting her off.

Finally in desperation, she told him if he would help her load the barrels in the wagon and hitch the mules, she would

haul the water herself. So with Ethel seated by her side and me in her lap, Mother started out.

She had gone about three miles from home when she saw a man approaching on horseback. As he came nearer she could tell he was an Indian. Then she got the scare of her life when he got close enough to be recognized.

It was Mad Wolf! And he was dressed in his finest regalia. He wore a feathered headdress, beaded leather jacket, breeches and moccasins, and his long black hair hung in two braids.

He rode up to the side of the wagon and started trying to talk to Mother. She couldn't understand what he was saying and she just kept driving the wagon down the road. He turned his horse around and rode along beside her, still attempting to tell her something.

When he saw she wouldn't be bothered with him, he held out a beaded walking cane which was hanging on his saddle. Mother said it was a beautiful thing. As he held it out to her, he took hold of my arm saying, "Papoose. Papoose."

Mother knew immediately what he had been trying to tell her. He wanted to trade his beaded walking cane for her baby.

"No! No!" she told him. "You can't have my papoose." But Mad Wolf kept pulling at my arm trying to take me from her.

Mother pushed me down between her knees and began applying the whip to the team. Down the road we went, with the water barrels bouncing and frightening the mules until they were on the verge of running away. Mother glanced back and Mad Wolf was coming on as fast as his horse could run!

Then Ethel looked down and saw his cane under the seat of the wagon. "Mother," she said, "I see that old man's stick."

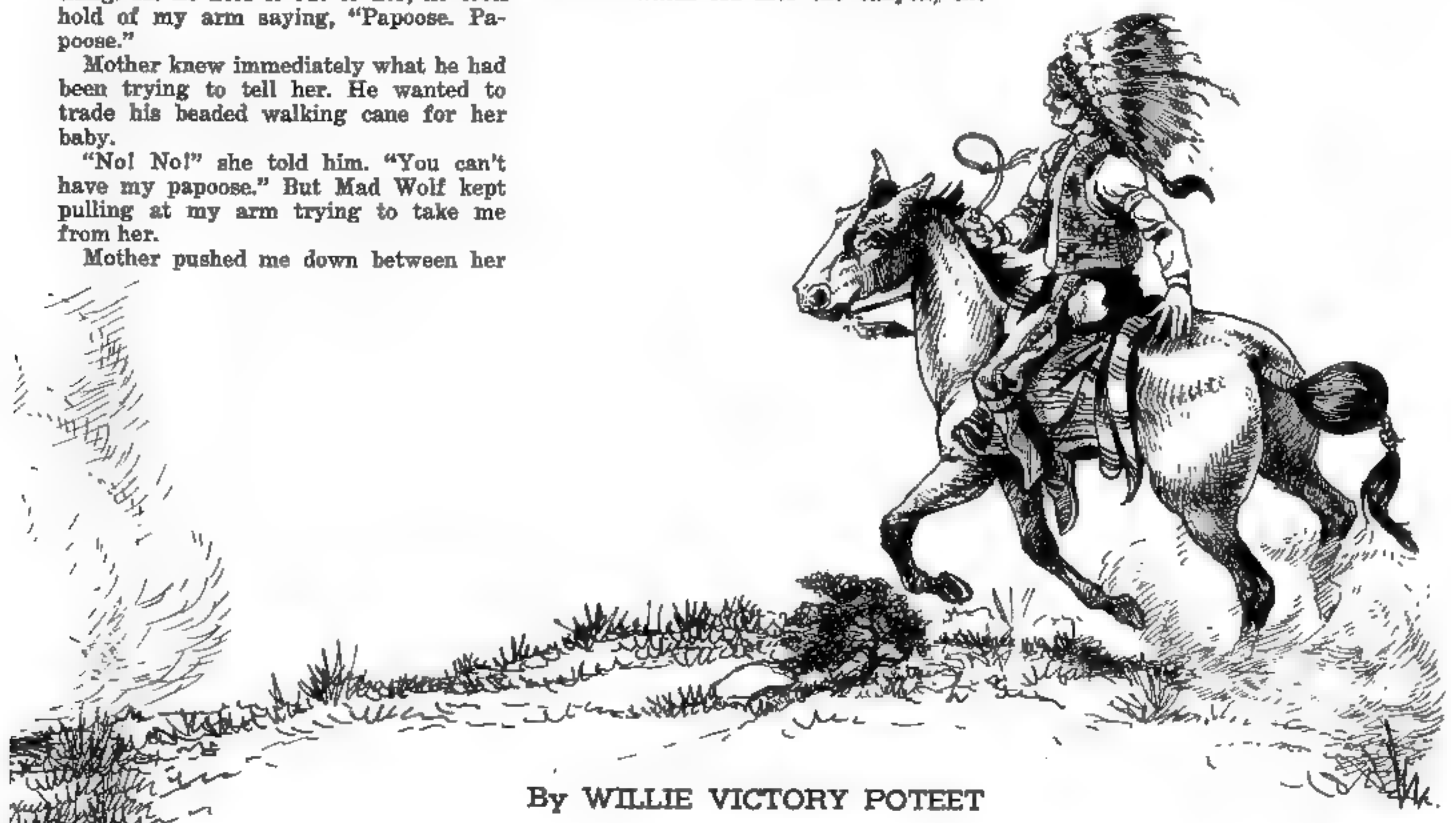
He had dropped the cane over in the corner of the wagon while he was pulling at my arm, and Mother hadn't noticed it. She told Ethel to get down in the wagon and hand it to her, and then she hurled it out to the side of the road as far as she could throw. Mad Wolf saw it sail through the air, and rode up to where it was and picked it up. He then went on the way he had been going when we met him. He had been chasing Mother to get his cane instead of her baby.

She got another scare when we arrived at the spring. It was at the bottom of a canyon and as she was going down the hill which led into the canyon, she saw another Indian man sitting on a rock whittling on a stick. She didn't wait to see if he were friendly or not. When Mother came to a wide place in the road, she turned the wagon around and drove to one of our neighbors' who had a windmill. After that experience, Papa always went with her for water.

ABOUT six years later, Mad Wolf died. Mother, Ethel and I were at home alone and we kept hearing a noise of some kind, but we couldn't tell what it was. It seemed a great distance away and then the wind changed and it seemed much closer. We could hear drums . . . boom . . . boom . . and a weird screaming and yelling. Mother said the Indians must be on the warpath.

We were growing more frightened each minute, so Mother hitched the mules to the wagon and we headed for town. After we got there we found we had nothing

(Continued on page 62)



By WILLIE VICTORY POTEET

Illustration by Paul Hudgins

Free land was the decoy of Indian Territory, and many a homesteader wandered foolishly within gunshot of failure and ruin . . .

LET'S TRY IT SOMEWHERE ELSE!

Wild Old Days!

Courtesy Orie O. Conway

Railroad workers on the Santa Fe line at Penzance, Arizona, near Holbrook, in 1911

A SECTION LABORER REMEMBERS

By William Edward (Ed) Conway

After my father's death in 1946, I found this speech among his possessions and thought it would be of interest to all old railroad men. It had been delivered by him several years earlier.—Orie O. Conway.

AT the last meeting of the Association of Maintenance of Way employees and railroad officials held at San Bernardino, California, I was selected by Chairman McNutt to prepare a paper to be read at the next meeting. As no mention was made of what I was to write about, I am going to try and explain to the younger men now working in the Track department of one of the greatest if not the greatest, railroads in the world, how conditions have changed since the time I first went to work as a section laborer.

My father was a section laborer and section foreman, and as far back as I can well remember, my bread and butter has been furnished by the Santa Fe Railway in wages paid my father and myself over a period of about fifty years. When I was about twelve years of age my father was section foreman on section 16 B on the Panhandle division and was located at a blind siding called Eagle Chief (abandoned many years ago) in Oklahoma. Section foreman's "salary" was $50.00 per month, and this covered all time worked. No overtime was allowed under any conditions. Section laborers received 12½ cents per hour, straight time, and in case of wreck or rainstorm requiring more than usual time to be worked, straight time was paid and in most cases the men laid off the following day to make up for the overtime worked.

The section quarters, consisting of section house of four rooms and basement, was built to accommodate two section gangs. The foreman lived in the section house and paid $5.00 per month rental, and the foreman and laborers of section 15 B were to live in the basement and board with the foreman who rented the house. They paid $15.00 per month for room and board. This basement was one large room about 16 x 30 feet, ceiling about 7 feet. It had three windows on the south side and one on the east side which were about two feet square, admitting very little light or ventilation. The walls were of stone and the floor was plank. There was a stairway at the south end of the basement which opened outside and had trap doors at the top.

The room was generally damp and at times would have as much as six or eight inches of water over the floor. This was as good or better than the general run of section quarters. There were no lights except what you provided yourself; outside toilets, of course; and drinking water was from either cistern or well. We were allowed old ties for fuel, when available, and occasionally would beg a little coal from the engineer on the local. There were generally five to seven men who slept in the basement, depending upon the number of men allowed on the section. There were absolutely no bathing facilities at all.

THE LABORERS were mostly of the old Irish Terrier "Boomer" type who roved from one place to another, working only a few months at one place, generally ragged and lousy but skilled track laborers and good workers, practically all good drinking men and of the roughest type, a type of man who has long since left the service. A few of them were promoted to foremen and occasionally one is still in the service in one capacity or another. This type man is the one often referred to as the "old school" and he acquired his knowledge of track work by working all over the country under different foremen and different conditions.

Since I lived at a blind siding and there was nothing to do, I spent most of my time with these men out on the track, helping them tamp ties, raise low joints and other track work. Long before I was old enough to work, I could raise and line track and knew many of the short-cuts to doing track work, which was a great help to me when I did start (which I did when I was fourteen years old).

This was in 1896 and the section gangs were being filled up by men who had taken up claims and were trying to farm. These men would get jobs on the sections during the time they could be spared from farm chores. When the time came to work on the farm they would hire someone to work for them on the section, and the foreman would report the time in the regular man's name, and on pay days the farmer would come to work and get his check and pay the man for the days he had replaced him. This was the way I started out and I worked in this way for about one year before I actually was carried on the time book.

When these farmers went to work, living conditions changed and they built dugouts, sod houses or other kinds of shacks to batch in; or they lived at home as much as two and one-half miles away and walked back and forth to work. We worked ten hours each day for 12½ cents per hour and our transportation was the old hand car, not the new type of roller bearing hand car that came out later.

Our cars were of the old brass bearing type and some of them would hardly run downhill. It was equal to any half day's work to pump it over the section and back, especially in windy weather. The time it would take to pump this hand car home would vary a great deal, depending upon the wind and how hard each man would pump. It was not unusual to arrive at the tool house from fifteen to as much as forty-five minutes late and at times even later than that. No overtime was paid regardless of the time we got home, yet very often men would be waiting at the tool house for the foreman to see if there was a vacancy on his gang. If you didn't like the way things were going and did not dig in to suit the boss and keep your end up, there was a man to take your place.

I believe more men were discharged on the section for not doing their share of pumping on the hand car than for any other cause; there was quite a knack to it, and the boss could tell who was shirk-

ing. The section foreman was the boss of his gang, for in those days no one ever came over the line except on the rear end of the trains.

THE ROADMASTER came over the line probably once a month at most, and then he would "relay" over the district by hand car, each gang taking him over their section. Quite often section gangs were picked up by work train and taken along to unload ties or other material and they would be left at some distant point to wait for a passenger train to return them home, often as late as midnight.

There was always considerable rivalry on the gang to see who could be the first man, or straw boss as he was generally called, who in the absence of the foreman was boss, and raised and lined track or any other easier jobs. He also got the Sunday track walking, receiving 62½ cents for walking over the section and back. Generally he had to change from one to five pairs of angle bars which he would find broken. But the strangest thing was that nearly always there was a bolt missing very near the far end of the section, and the foreman most always mentioned that this bolt had or had not been put in when the gang went to the end of section on Monday morning.

Section 15 B was seven miles long and end of section was 700 feet from the tool house, which meant that you walked 14 miles and 1,400 feet and received 62½ cents for the day's work regardless of the time it required. Times were so hard and men so plentiful that this small amount was very much desired.

There were no labor-saving tools, and section men made their own guard rails and were furnished the old Jenney track jacks which weighed 80 or 90 pounds, which they had to haul around or use some homemade block for raising and lining of track. Also, we had no ballast except a few cars of engine cinders from roundhouses. The cutting of weeds on the unballasted track was a big job in summer and the only tool furnished was the short No. 2 track shovel. Most of the laborers where I worked bought their own shovel with a longer handle, or bought hoes and worked them over into weed cutting tools at their own expense.

Later the section foreman and men on some sections bought "Casey Jones" gas engines and placed them on the hand car frame. This was really the start of motor cars for section use, which is in general use over the entire system today, and in my estimation is the greatest improvement in the transportation of track gangs. It also saves much time and hard work and if properly handled is far safer than the old hand cars.

About this same time, the new concrete bunkhouses were first constructed. They provide good clean, comfortable living quarters for section laborers and can be made very homelike if the occupant so desires. With these very important improvements came several other things that go to make section work a more pleasurable employment.

A great many foremen and laborers had been paying $18.00 to $24.00 per year into organizations with the hope of getting some recognition with the company and therefore improving their working and living conditions. But all they received was a receipt for the money paid in, no signs of any representation of any kind was ever noted, and no one ever called on them except to collect more dues. The greatest thing that ever happened to the men in the track and bridge departments happened in 1925 when the present Maintenance of Way Association was organized which gives the men not only representation through members of their own choice, but also provides for meetings such as this where the floor is yours for stating your own grievances.

When I sit in these meetings, I just can't help but think what some of the old "Terriers" that I have worked with would have to say if they could hear someone request that a windowpane in his kitchen be replaced or the screen door on his living quarters be repaired. I don't mean by this that it is out of order today to make such requests, but it certainly would have been a knock-out to one of us in the old days.

OLD PIONEER: 1863-1964

By H. D. Wernex

IN THE mad scramble for gold in the boom days no creek gulch or gully in a prospect area was left "unturned." The story of old Pioneer, Montana, is closely associated with Gold Creek.

Pioneer Creek running into Gold Creek was first worked by prospectors in 1862 when a Colorado party of miners arrived. Among them was J. M. Bozeman, who four years later was murdered on the Yellowstone by renegades from the Blackfoot tribe who had been taken in by the Crows.

Digging and sluicing produced good results and the place was soon referred to as Pikes Peak Gulch, after the area they had left in Colorado. Pioneer, Pilgrim and Yamhill Gulches all appeared to be good prospects, but the party pulled stakes and headed for the new strike on Grasshopper Creek. Not until the Pioneer Mining District was formed in 1866 did activity return to Pioneer.

To handle a water problem a thirteen-mile waterway was constructed by the Pioneer Ditch Company to bring water to Pikes Peak, Pioneer and Willow Creek mines. The population of the settlement soon jumped to better than a thousand. As hydraulic equipment cut down the banks, gold recovery was running into $2,000 a week. By 1870 Pioneer gulches had given up $20,000,000 in gold.

Pioneer became one of Montana's liveliest camps. Four breweries were kept busy turning out whiskey for the town's six saloons, and excitement-hungry miners filled the gambling houses where chips were paid for in gold dust, the only medium of exchange.

On occasion Pioneer was a stopover for funeral processions from Beartown, a rough little camp situated in a steep, narrow canyon. With no room for a marble orchard, most people were interred elsewhere. By the time the mourners had reached Pioneer, the procession was ready to halt for a booster. The departed rested while the living took strength, and the strange little band then continued on its mission.

Pioneer's Chinese population usually equalled that of the white. As soon as a gulch was considered worked out, a swarm of Orientals moved in. At one time 800 Chinese worked the gulches directed by one Tim Lee. Tim Lee lived to become admitted to the Masonic Order and in his old age was cared for by Masons.

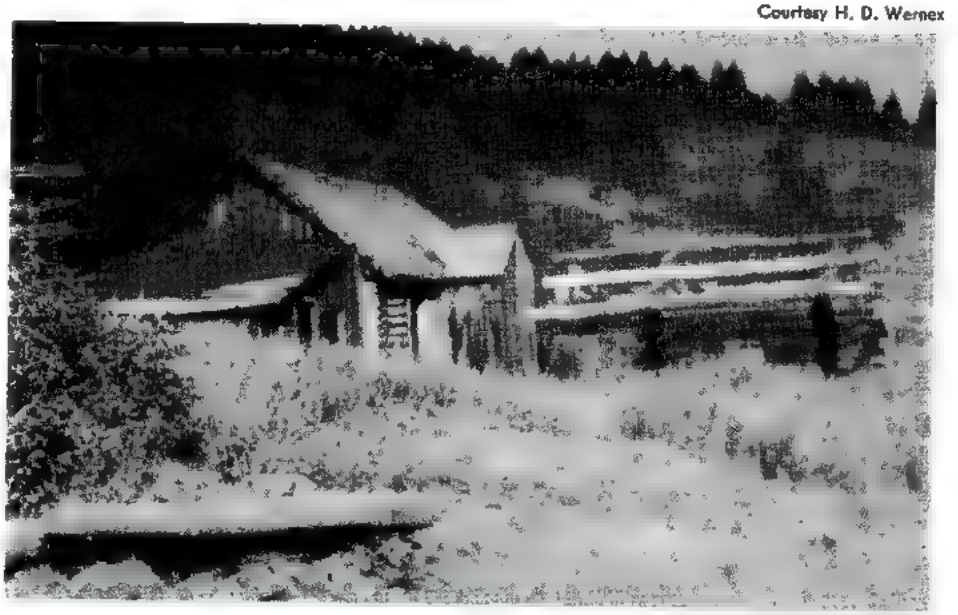
ONE ENTERPRISING, scheming individual—Conrad Kohrs—came to Pioneer in the mid-1870s, and bought up mining claims and water rights with an eye to shutting out the independent miners. After locating and purchasing some claims, he gave up mining but remained to harass his neighbors.

An English syndicate, the Gold Creek

(Continued on page 45)

Cabins in Pioneer, Montana. Note the unfinished cabin at right.

Courtesy H. D. Wernex



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Studio of C. M. Russell, Great Falls, Montana

Will Crawford's "Trader"

Will Crawford: Wizard of Pen and Ink

(Continued from page 38)

of his comprehensive knowledge of historical firearms and costumes, he was also employed as a technical advisor for film studios. "I was hired," he once remarked "to design Indians costumes for 'Northwest Passage.' Every couple of minutes, it seemed, a studio messenger came rushing up on a motorcycle to find out if I had any drawings ready. After two days I caved in. Those motorcycles were too much."

Will's more than ordinary talent as a woodcarver brought him into association with Dwight Franklin who was busy turning out wax figures of prominent characters for a Hollywood museum.

And then, in 1942, Will wanted to go home again—back home to the little single-tax colony, Free Acres.

Will Crawford had been full of life; friendly, articulate, bubbling over with enthusiasm for everything alive. Even in his late sixties, he was teeming with curiosity about people, places and things.

All this points to a behavior classification of 'extrovert," it would appear. But that just wasn't so in the case of Will Crawford. He was modest to an extreme. He didn't sign his name or even initial many of the most outstanding pen and inks he'd done during that long and brilliant career!

But Will Crawford was a *big* little chap in a hundred different ways. He was a giant of a man on kindness—an enormous individual when it came to the philosophy of what made life worth living.

Chips from Five Cords a Day

(Continued from page 23)

ly using the stranger as a go-between to carry on their conversation. If the poor stranger became restless and wanted to leave, one or the other would grab him by the arm and start telling him a dirty joke. Hell and high water may come; hell and high water may go; these two had their reputation for not speaking to maintain. They would not speak—for to speak would be dishonest and disloyal to each other.

Jim Rolston, upon learning that Evie, his sixteen-year-old daughter, had eloped with Joe, reached up over the fireplace and brought down a double barrel shotgun, loaded with buckshot. He saddled Old Paint and rode in pursuit.

How Evie kept Joe hid for the next few months is easy to explain. Joe was a man who looked ahead. He had built his house at the edge of a thirty-acre thicket of chaparral bushes, and this thicket was matted and almost too thick to crawl through.

After his father-in-law had almost ridden up on him at the house, which caused him to tear a path halfway through the thicket, he told Evie he had intended to clear the thicket out anyway, so he would start to work out from the center of it and keep clearing it in a circle until he got it ready for the plow. He also said that in order to have it ready for planting that season, he would be forced to start work before daybreak and work until sundown. He would be so rushed he would have to carry his lunch to work mornings. And before leaving with his pick and ax next morning he cautioned Evie, "Now, in case you have to come out there, you be blame shore nobody is following you. I don't want to get in any more blame traps. 'Bout as soon get shot as to have to run through that thicket again."

In a few weeks Evie had established grapevine connections through her brothers, Tom and Math, and sisters, Sallie and Bell. They kept her informed of the direction their father had gone. They were just children, seven to fourteen years old. One day, one of them came over and reported, "Paw left his gun home today. He came home last night all excited. He said he saw Joe coming down the road about a quarter-mile off. He slipped his horse in the brush at the side of the road and waited with his gun in the forks of a tree to get good aim, with both hammers cocked.

"' Joe walked by,' Paw said,' and just as he got even with me twenty steps or so out in the road and I was pulling the triggers, Great God Almighty, then I saw it was Jim.' He said he just trembled all over to think that he nearly killed the best friend he had in the world."

Sally had spoken up then and said, "Paw, you used to feel the same about Joe."

"'You are right, daughter. I guess I'm a fool. Anyway, I got a letter today your Uncle John is down sick. Matthew, you and Tom start this morning. Get the bows and wagonsheet on that wagon 'cause we're heading west Monday morning. You girls pack up the bedding, groceries and things and be sure and get the gun in the wagon.'

"Now Evie," Sally said, "you must go home with us and stay overnight until we leave. It will make Paw feel better."

Evie later said she sure "felt sorry for Paw" when she told him goodbye that Monday morning. But that ended the double barrel shotgun days in Joe's life. However, he finished the grubbing and clearing of the thicket on time and, with two yokes of oxen, the sod was broken and a good crop was made on the thirty acres.

JOE told me that one time Jim sold a note or something, and it was necessary that he sign the paper before a notary public. The nearest notary was at Cameron or Lexington, both about the same distance away. Cameron was a little closer but crossing the San Gabriel and Little River had to be considered and caused Jim to choose going to Lexington.

Joe suggested he take a horse and ride, but Jim said Hell no, that it was only nineteen miles straight through the woods, and forty miles by road, so he would walk. He arrived in Lexington to find that the notary public lived seven miles farther on, so he walked on out to the farm house as directed. Arriving there, he saw a man plowing in the field, but rather than walk over the plowed ground he yelled "Hello" in front of the house. When a lady appeared at the door, he asked her if her husband was a notary public?

She said, "No, he is a Democrat."

Jim said this made him so damn mad that he wheeled and was going to head for Cameron, but about that time an older lady came to the door and got his paper fixed up.

I was always struck by the fact that Mother's side of the family had over 5,000 relatives against the Clarks' having 5—great odds, you must admit. Take, for example, my great-grandfather, Matthew McClanahan Cornwallis Rolston. He had over 4,000 acres of land in the home ranch, roughly cornering at Nile, Gay Hill and Salty. He was a giant in stature, 6 feet 6 inches tall, with shoulders wide as a door. He wore a Stetson hat with a brim almost big enough to cover the 4,000 acres. He had nine fine sons and nine fine daughters. The old man's eyesight began to fail, and when the nine sons brought in nine beautiful and flashy brides, hooped and bustle-skirted, Great Grandpa lost his eyesight entirely.

He was born in Ireland, County Galway, at Cow Crossing, west fork of the River Shannon. Some city police department lost a good man when they failed to get him on the force. Tracing an ancester back to Ireland is far enough. We can assume that he was a horse thief, and let it go at that.

I was about ten when he passed on to his reward at the age of ninety-three. About half of his many sons and daughters moved to and located around Long Mountain, fourteen miles west of Mason, Texas, and were scattered from there on west to Rockasprings.

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Jim Rolston, Joe's father-in-law, was his eldest son, and made annual visits to his relatives in the West. He wore a long black beard, high boots and to see him on a horse at breakneck speed after a cow, it was hard to tell if it was him, Buffalo Bill, Sam Bass or Cole Younger. He always liked to tell of his last Indian fight, which took place on Packsaddle Mountain a few miles east of Llano in 1871. He and his family happened to be passing on one of his annual trips west, just at a time when the Indians were making one of their last stands.

He said when he arrived and took charge, only three white men were alive; the others lay dead. He would always ignore my question when I would ask how many wild Indians he killed in that battle.

However his wife, Elizabeth, had a little different version of the fight. She said when they reached Burnet and learned of the Indian battle they detoured thirty-two miles around Packsaddle. She said he did make four killings, though—three cottontails and one squirrel.

Tex and Joe Clark often discussed their relatives, usually while sitting in a squatting position out behind the barn. Being busy morning, noon and night, little time was had for conversation. I listened in when I could. I heard Tex say to Joe, "Grandpaw told me that Uncle John would always have to have his dollar, and they paid it out of the dead revenue agent's pocket." This puzzled me.

Then some years later a grizzled ex-Texas Ranger told me this yarn that his grandfather had told him, and that old overheard conversation made more sense. A revenue agent called at a small house on the side of a mountain and only a boy about ten years of age was home. The following conversation took place.

"Where is your father?"

"Paw's at the still."

"Where is your mother?"

"Maw's at the still."

"Where are your brothers and sisters?"

"They're at the still."

"I'll give you a dollar to take me to the still."

"Gimme the dollar."

"I'll give it to you when I get back."

"Mister, you ain't coming back."

Now, surely this couldn't have happened in the Clark family; however if I had to choose between cutting wood or bootlegging, you can give me respectability or give me disgrace, just so it's not five cords a day.

Hard-Luck Stage to Chihuahua

(Continued from page 19)

youth and I only hope all goes well."

Unfortunately, an article printed in the Denver *Republican* for July 13, 1881, revealed that the pessimism of Mr. McManus and General William T. Sherman in regard to Pugh's fate was fully justified.

THE APACHES
Torture and Murder Creates a Genuine Reign of Terror on the Southern Border

"Las Vegas, July 12: The fate of Thomas Key Pugh, son of the late Senator of Ohio, who was reported missing from the stage bound for Chihuahua that left Paso Del Norte on the 2d, and which was "jumped" by the Indians, is now known. The savages attacked the stage and the driver was killed but a Mexican and an American, Comstock, escaped to tell the tale. Young Pugh scrawled a message on a piece of envelope, stating that he was in the hands of the Apaches, but nothing was heard from him for several days.

"The worst fears of his friends, who imagined that he had been tortured by his captors, seem to have been realized, for his body was found a few days ago. It was lying not far from the stage road, and just over a hill. It was shockingly mutilated, and the poor fellow had evidently been subjected to the most terrible and revolting tortures.

"The stage from Chihuahua for Paso del Norte, the last of the week, halted and then turned back for Chihuahua. The news of numerous massacres by the reds on the road and the alarming nature of the Indian news was the reason for this. The mail was sent through to Paso del Norte by a messenger. It is reported that a team that was coming up slowly from Chihuahua to Paso Del Norte was attacked by the Indians somewhere in the vicinity of Lucero. It contained an officer in the Mexican army who was quite sick, a woman, and a Mexican driver. All three were killed. The Indians are reported to have massacred two people near Fort Quitman, Texas, last week."

RESEARCH fails to reveal the disposition of the remains of unfortunate Thomas Key Pugh. He may have been buried near the scene of his death or possibly in El Paso, or he may have been shipped back home.

Violence was so rampant on both sides of the border there was little time to mourn the dead or comfort the living.

"Now don't say anything to make him mad!"

Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 43)

Mining Co., Ltd., came to Pioneer, and brought in a dredge to work the stream beds. But Kohrs reactivated his "no water" program and shut off the company's supply. After being unable to come to any agreement with him, the British company pulled out, leaving its equipment behind. The case was fought in law courts for nearly twenty years until Pat Wall of Butte purchased the syndicate's holdings, along with water rights held by Kohrs, and the entire townsite of Pioneer.

The dredge somehow missed most of Pioneer, so today buildings of various ages and construction still line the town's main street. Some are almost hidden in the underbrush; cattle droppings cover the floors of many; here and there a rosebush still blooms; a neglected, storm-tossed apple tree may still bear fruit.

Though Pioneer is a silent camp, in the distance the rumble and rattle of heavy machinery can be heard, as the gravels of Pioneer Creek undergo another dredging and washing by modern-day miners in pursuit of the yellow metal.

COALIE

By Mertie Ellis Wood as told to Louise Wood

WE LIVED on a ranch located some miles out of Junction, Kimble County, Texas, in the early 1900s. I was fifteen, the oldest of five girls. One time Daddy and my brother Jack had to be away from the ranch for three days, and the whistling stranger showed up on the first night they were gone.

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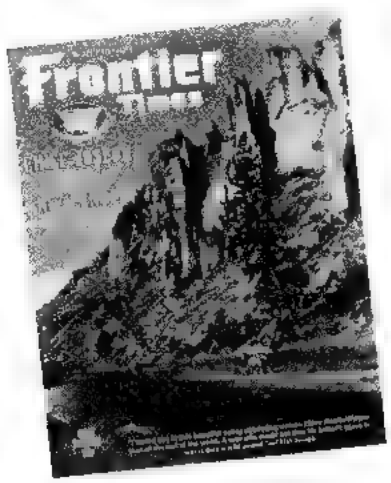

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Coalie was a huge short-haired dog, and fierce. He was black all over and had the longest body I've about ever seen on a dog. He would not bite a woman or a girl but would bite anything that wore britches and could have killed a man easily. A stranger who rode up to the house on horseback had better stay mounted. I've seen Daddy knock that dog almost cold to keep him off someone.

We kept Coalie chained when the menfolk were away and had him chained in the front yard on this particular night. Mother and we girls had gone to bed around 9:30 and all of us were sleeping in the same room on the south side of the house—either because that room was cooler or because there were only womenfolk there alone.

The barn and saddle house sat back a way on the south side also, and from the windows on that side of the house we had a clear view. Sometime that night Mother woke me up, and I could hear Coalie raising a ruckus. We could plainly hear someone whistling—not like whistling to call a dog, but more of a tune. Our house was on the road which led off from the Junction-McKavett road and up to our house and on past it to the barn then played out. It was a private road and led only to our place. The house faced east.

The moon was shining enough that by looking out of the east window we could see a tall man walking along the road. It was customary in those days to holler at the house. A stranger was always welcome as long as he behaved himself and would be given a meal and a night's lodging if needed or help if he was sick. This one did not hello the house or seem to pay the ranting dog any mind but continued on past and stopped at the saddle house where he raised the latch and disappeared inside, leaving the door open.

Mother had moved over to a window on the south side and we watched from there. I could easily have stepped out and turned the dog loose but Mother wouldn't let me, saying that the man might kill him. The younger girls slept undisturbed as we kept a vigil at the windows and Coalie kept up a noise. He did not settle down the whole night and neither did we, but stayed by the windows and watched the night through.

As soon as daylight came, Mother loaded Daddy's double barrel shotgun and I turned the dog loose. I've never seen a dog want loose so bad in my life. He leaped over the picket fence by the house and made a dash for the open door of the saddle house, disappearing inside. Coalie soon ran back out, and we knew then that the stranger was gone but when and how we couldn't understand. The dog sniffed the ground and picked up the trail. He went around the left side of the barn and circled back of it, then turned west going under a plank gate and was lost to sight in a pasture thicket.

We had gone into the kitchen so we could watch, but could not see him any more after he hit the bushes. Mother said that Coalie would either kill the man or bay him up a tree if he overtook him but Coalie must have lost the trail in the rocks for he returned after awhile.

Daddy checked the saddle house when he and Jack got back home but could not find anything missing. That's the last we heard of the whistling stranger and it's still a mystery where he came from, or where he went.

WE CAME by Coalie in a roundabout way. An old man passing through Menard in a wagon gave him to a cousin of mine, saying he didn't have enough food for the dog and himself. My cousin took the dog home and tied him in the yard. He was awfully skinny, and boys passing the house would tease him and he got to where he would bite. My aunt asked if we would take the dog, saying that we could use him on a ranch, and that's how come us with Coalie.

I don't know what breed of dog he was. A stranger came to the ranch once, wanting milk for a sick baby, but he wouldn't come inside the yard and waited for Jack to take his jug for Mother to fill with sweet milk. We had the dog chained and told him so, but he still wouldn't venture inside the yard.

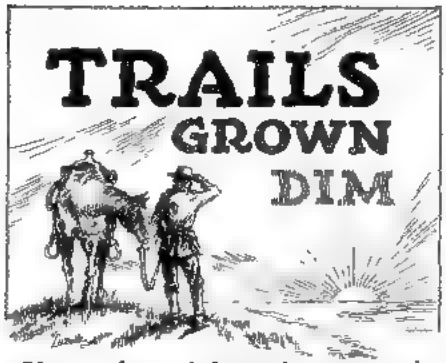
On another occasion Coalie treed a couple of men on a field fence. He woke Mother barking around 3:00 one morning. She said that she could tell by his bark that somebody was around, and tried to get Daddy up to go and see, but he said that whoever it was would stay treed until morning. Mother wouldn't let him sleep anyway, fearing that it might be someone sick and needing help, so Daddy went.

From his bark, Coalie sounded as if he was about half-way between the house and the main road, where a field fence ran along. Sure enough, there were two Mexicans up on the fence and Coalie was on the ground keeping them there. They were scared and started trying to speak English when they saw Daddy. He caught hold of the dog who was hard to hold, and said *"Vamos!"* and they did, hitting the ground on the other side of the fence and heading out of there.

I don't know how old Coalie was when we got him but his teeth were good and he was through growing. We had him until he was feeble and near blind, and had him when we moved to Fort McKavett. He wouldn't bite the folks there after he got acquainted with them, but we had a neighbor boy the dog didn't seem to like and Coalie would put him on a wagon in a hurry. The boy was always teasing and hollering at me. One hot day—and he was bareheaded—he stepped over a low fence into our yard, and when he did Coalie was after him and put him up on our wagon where he stood begging me to come and call off the dog. At last, it was my turn and I left him up there in the hot sun. Coalie would lie down by the wagon until the boy made a move to get down, and then he was up and ready for a fight. Mother finally went out and held the dog until the pest escaped.

When Coalie got so old and sick that he needed to be put out of his misery, neither Daddy nor Jack would agree to kill him. However, we had a volunteer—the same boy Coalie had treed on our wagon that hot summer day.

RG
PROHIBITED



If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Tee Cross

Dear Hosstail:

Here is an old photograph that has been in my family for some time. I would like to know if any old-timers know anything about the Tee Cross Ranch in southwestern Oklahoma? Harmon County now, it was a part of Greer County when this picture was taken.

My parents, and myself, lived on this old ranch for twelve years. At the time we moved there they had a post office but spelled it "Teacross." My aunt, the old lady in this photo, had homesteaded a quarter-section and her oldest son another quarter-section adjoining hers. On the old lady's allotment was located T. Cross Springs, which today furnishes water for the city of Hollis, Oklahoma, twelve miles away.

Most of the water in this locality is strong "gyp," or was when we lived there. Around these springs we found many bones and fossils. I personally found some gigantic molars, far larger than any horse or cow ever had. Two were around eight inches by three inches by four-and-a-half inches in size. I played with them a while then threw them away, not realizing that today they would be valuable museum pieces.

I think you will agree that this is a typical homesteader's residence. The house my parents lived in was a quarter-of-a-mile south of this one but on the same ranch. The springs were located a quarter-of-a-mile east of this old house.

If I could learn who owned and operated the T. Cross Ranch and who founded it, my history of the place would be complete.—Leon (Buck) Dial, 250 Smith Avenue, Dinuba, California 93618.

Buskirk or Van Buskirk

My great-great-grandparents were Wm. Van Buskirk born about 1826; Meelisa Jane Coy in 1829 in Illinois. They were married 1850, Washington County, Iowa. They had twelve boys and one girl, the latter my great-grandmother. The boys I know of are Edgar H. 1851, Samuel C. 1858, Leorenzo C. 1859-60, Alval P. or A. 1861. The ones I've "lost" are Luther, Lum, Geo., Daniel and William. There is a chance that some dropped the Van and only go by Buskirk as Edgar H. did.

I would be grateful for any information or any descendants I could hear from. I will answer all mail.—Billie Danos, 3890 Wolff, Denver, Colorado 80212.

Bowen

My great-grandfather, Zadok Crammer Bowen, lived near Lawrence, Kansas, in the 1860s. He was a farmer and schoolteacher and served in the Home Guard when the Civil War broke out, as he was too old to enlist in the regular army. I have heard that he had to wear a gun when he worked his fields and I have always wondered if he may have been involved in the Kansas and Missouri border troubles. I would like to hear from anyone who might have knowledge of his life during that time. He was born in 1818, came from Indiana and died in Shawnee County, Kansas, in 1888. Some of his brothers' names were Uriah, Henry, Decatur, and Robert Ross. His wife was Minerva Rankin.

I would also appreciate hearing anything about the origin of Jane Bowen who married gunman John Wesley Hardin in Texas—where her family came from originally and any of her ancestors' names.—Linda Bowen, Hastings, Iowa 51540.

Orr

I wish information about William Orr who died about 1838 in the vicinity of Sturgis or Caseyville, Union County, Kentucky. He married Susan Stone, who died in 1867, near Sturgis. They had seven children of whom I am the grandson of one. He was William Warren Orr, born in above area of Kentucky in 1833; and who in June 1868 married Sarah Elizabeth Ryle, born in Oldham County, Kentucky. They moved to California in 1869. I would like information of progenitors, descendants and relatives of any of above. -E. R. Orr, 347 14th Street, Santa Monica, California 90402.

Leek

I was particularly interested in the "Indian Fight in Jackson Hole" story that appeared in the Spring, '67 issue of OLD WEST. Mighty fine reading, as well as acquainting me with a little background on my great-uncle, (or great-great uncle), Stephen N. Leek. I had no idea that he had been in the Jackson Hole area 'way back then. The Mr. Leek who owned Leek's Lodge in or near Jackson, Wyoming was my father's uncle. If any of his descendants are still living, I would love to hear from them. I am assuming that both Stephen N. Leek and the resort owner are related, or perhaps the same person. I have been trying to

(Continued on page 53)

This 1912 photo, taken near present-day Hollis, Oklahoma, shows a typical homestead family. Left to right: Grandfather P. M. Tipton; grandsons S. D., Walter, and Sam Justice; daughter Tennessee Justice; granddaughter Martha Justice.

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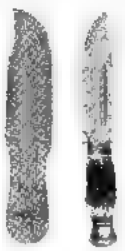

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Your Private Booger

(Continued from page 3)

that false tooth we have in front, or the fear that the faker that sold us that last lot of hair tonic has deceived us and that our hair is really going gray in spite of the devil and hair tonic. I don't think little boogers like that ever give people any of the major human ills.

And finally, my brethren—the one thing in all the world that will lay the ghosts of fear quicker than anything else, is figuring out a pep talk for the other guy and then applying it to yourself!

The Bartered Bones of William Quantrill

(Continued from page 21)

room. There, in a scene right out of a Boris Karloff movie, he stripped away the newspaper and presented the skull for the widow's inspection. She recognized a chipped tooth in the lower jaw. There was no doubt about it. The skull was her son's.

Scott carefully rewrapped the skull, placed it in a basket and left it in a checkroom of the hotel while he accompanied Caroline on a visit to William's old companions living in Nelson County, Kentucky. While on this trip, she devised a scheme to steal the rest of her son's bones and take them back to Ohio with her. She instructed Scott to return to Louisville, and retrieve the bones on the pretext of taking them up for burial in a zinc-lined box.

Scott claimed he did not approve of the deception, but he wasted no time in following Mrs. Quantrill's demands. Mrs. Scally fell for the ruse. Scott managed to spirit the skeleton out of the cemetery, pick up the skull at the hotel and depart for Ohio without being caught.

TO THIS POINT it appeared that Scott was merely performing a Good Samaritan service of sorts for Caroline Quantrill. But already a gruesome plan was being formulated.

A yellowed letter in the archives of the Kansas State Historical Society shows what Scott had in mind. The letter is dated December 17, 1887. It is on the stationery of the *Iron Valley Reporter*, Canal Dover, Ohio. W. W. Scott is listed as "Editor and Proprietor." The letter was addressed to F. G. Adams, secretary of the Society. After a paragraph of amenities, Scott got right to the point:

"What would his (Quantrill's) skull be worth to your society?" In pious defense, he continued: "I am not speculating in dead men's bones, but if I could get part of the money I have spent I see no reason why the skull might not be as well preserved in your cabinet as to crumble in the ground."

He insisted the letter be kept "strictly confidential . . . mark your letter 'Personal.' Destroy this letter when read, and I will do the same with yours."

He ended the letter with: "No one in the world knows that I can get the head, but I can." He signed his name, "Respectfully, W. W. Scott."

At about this time, Scott also sent the Society a lock of Quantrill's hair, for he speaks of it in subsequent correspondence. This lock of hair, the color of mustard and showing the faint trace of a wave, can be seen today. It is boxed with the collection of W. W. Scott correspondence in the archives at Topeka.

The exact sequence of events following Scott's December 17 letter is difficult to follow. The records of the correspondence with Scott are incomplete. However, F. G. Adams must have shown some interest in the remains, and apparently offered to raise money for their purchase.

In a follow-up letter we find a troubled Scott writing: "Perhaps we had better drop the matter, as it would be difficult to raise twenty-five or thirty dollars without too much publicity, and it would not pay me to secure it for you for a less amount." But Scott kept the door open by saying that Quantrill's bones were "reinterred in such a way as to be easily got at."

Thus the matter rested for the next several months. Then Scott decided to make his sales pitch in person. Sometime in 1888 he arrived in Topeka, bearing Quantrill's shin bones and skull. The shin bones he presented as a gift, and then put up the skull for a price. He found no takers.

Several more years passed. In the meantime, William Elsey Connelley, who succeeded Adams as secretary of the Society, purchased Scott's manuscripts and notes on Quantrill. Connelley later used this material in his now-famous biography of the guerilla leader.

From Scott's letter it is apparent that he hoped to outlive Mrs. Quantrill, which would allow him freer movement in his traffic in human bones. In one of his letters he wrote: "The mother is now old. In a short time she will pass away and then publicity will not matter."

But such was not to be. In 1903, Scott died, preceding Caroline Quantrill to the grave by several months. Scott's widow was left with the remainder of Scott's papers—and more of Quantrill's bones. She sold both.

Then she wrote a pathetic letter to an official at the Topeka Society. She pleaded that her husband's role in grave robbing should not be publicized. "He is gone," she said. "Don't do anything to make it unpleasant for me by bringing his name into publicity now, please."

The Historical Society apparently abided by Mrs. Scott's wish. For a time the relics, mounted on a frame inside a glass case, were on display, but eventually they were taken out of circulation and stored in the archeological laboratory, where they are today.

We do not know for sure where Scott kept the remains of his dead friend during those years when he was negotiating their sale. Mrs. Quantrill apparently died believing her son rested beside his father in the Canal Dover cemetery. There is no record of where Scott finally deposited the skull. Perhaps it lies in some historical institution, an unidentified relic. Or in a Canal Dover graveyard. Or perhaps a collector with a grisly sense of humor is using it as a doorstop. In this weird story anything is possible.

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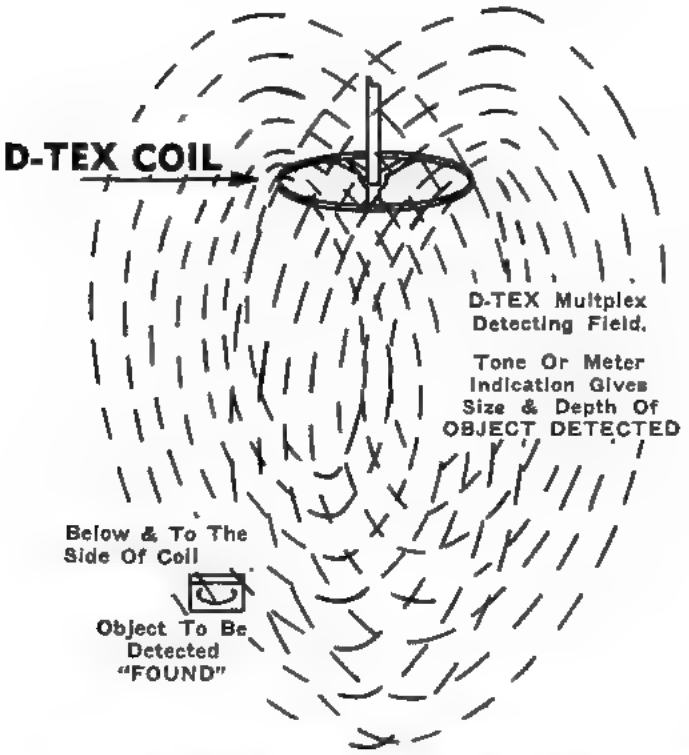
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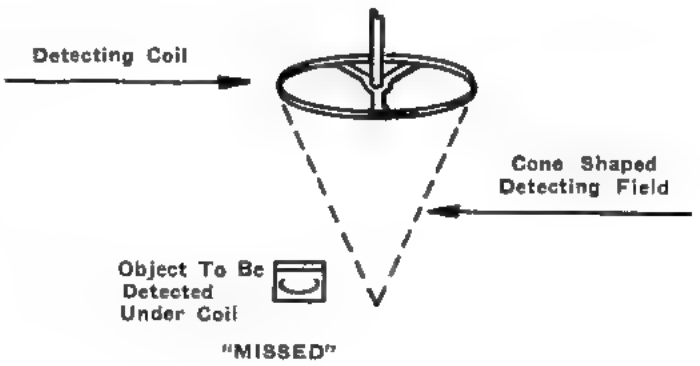

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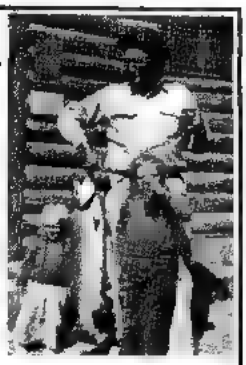

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The Cowgirl--Prospector

(Continued from page 18)

first shipment was sent out and the assay ran $153.00 in gold and $3.00 in silver. When the Log Cabin Mine turned out to be their best claim, they renamed it the Old Cowgirl, in honor of Lorena.

Lorena, by now at home in this rugged country, had nevertheless never lost her love of horses. So it wasn't surprising that while working only a few yards from the waterhole, the horses coming to it became accustomed to her voice and movements. When Pete suspected what was up and reminded her that taming wild horses at her age was risky business, he talked to deaf ears. Lorena had already singled out a handsome red stallion and named him "Rusty."

In time Rusty and Lorena became good friends, such good friends that he came to her when she called. Her faith in the stallion paid off one day when, with the help of her saddle horse, Tonopah Jack, she coaxed Rusty all the way down to the house. There, she broke him to ride. (Rusty was three years old and Lorena *sixty-seven.*)

After some gallops over the countryside, Lorena turned him loose to roam with the herd until she wanted him—and, if within calling distance, the horse never failed to show up.

In fact, Rusty's love and loyalty once saved Pete and Lorena from freezing to death when they were caught in a snowstorm at one of their camps. Drifts had piled so high they had very little chance of getting out alive unless Rusty could hear Lorena calling. She called—called repeatedly and gave up—for she could see nothing moving across the vast white expanse around them.

They had given up hope when Lorena glimpsed a dark blotch fighting his way toward them. It was Rusty! When he reached them, she climbed aboard and, with the wild horse breaking trail, Pete followed and they made it home safely.

Lorena rode Rusty for the rest of her life, the two of them becoming a familiar and unforgettable picture as they raced through the country—a tiny woman on the rusty-red stallion which old-timers still talk about.

SOONER or later most miners have accidents, or get caught in tight places. Lorena, too, had her share of close calls but somehow always managed to escape unscathed. Although getting along in years, she was still rugged and nimble.

She and Pete, caught in a flash flood, nearly lost their lives while working at the M & M Mine on Rawhide Mountain. When the open cut in which they were digging began filling with water, they grabbed their two dogs and made it into a short tunnel at a slightly higher level, back of the cut. In no time, water in the tunnel crept up to their knees. When it was nearly waist deep they were caught like two mice in a tub.

Lorena suggested they try to reach a fair-sized niche in the wall above them, in which they stored powder kegs and mining implements. In the nick of time they scrambled into it, with the two dogs, and sat there in a cramped position until the sun came out and the water slowly receded—much wiser for the experience.

Another narrow escape for Lorena, through no fault of theirs, occurred at the same mine. Caused probably from earth tremors, a ten-foot slide, bringing trees, boulders and debris from above the mine, took everything with it, including the mining tools. Had Lorena not decided to go home a few minutes before, she would have been buried alive.

This remarkable woman, a lover of the outdoors and horses, who had won an envied place in both the rodeo and mining world, made her last public appearance as a cowgirl when she took part in the Lions Club Horse Show at Tonopah in 1961, and won a trophy as best rider in the parade.

In a few months summer had slipped by and the tang of fall was in the air. Pete started for the mine, leaving Lorena at home to do some chores. Realizing he had forgotten his lunch pail, Pete returned to the house and found Lorena on the living room couch.

When she looked up and said simply, "Pete, I'm dying," he couldn't and didn't believe it. Lorena hadn't been ill or even complained of pain, he recalled, as he rushed her to the hospital.

A week later, on November 15, 1961, Mrs. Magnus Peterson, age sixty-seven, better known as Lorena Trickey of American and Canadian rodeo fame, who held the title of world champion cowgirl for ten years and retired undefeated, took her last long ride. She is buried in the peaceful little cemetery, among the old-timers she loved, at Tonopah, Nevada.

On September 11, 1966, Lorena was paid tribute when her numerous trophies were requested and put on display by the Multnomah County Pioneers, at their fiftieth anniversary celebration held in Portland, Oregon.

What became of loyal Rusty? After Lorena's passing he was given his freedom to roam with the herd. For several years he came to the house. Lorena was not there to greet him. In time, Rusty's visits became fewer. Then none at all. But old-timers still glimpse him, running wild, sleek and fat.

Treasures of Galveston Bay

(Continued from page 33)

less Texans?

The remainder of the Mexican Army (more than 2,500 troops) was encamped around Mrs. Powell's tavern—about 20 leagues west of the battlefield. In charge was General Vincente Filisola, who had to beg his government for money in order to finance his retreat back to Mexico. Santa Anna, therefore, must have taken *all* the money and loot with him to San Jacinto.

A personal bodyguard of Santa Anna later told that the General buried a valuable pay chest full of gold, just before the battle at San Jacinto, at a spot near the battleground when he realized that a skirmish was imminent. All the other gold and loot was disposed of in quite a devious manner. None of this hidden fortune was ever found.

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THE night before Jean Lafitte departed from Galveston Island, he was seen walking to and fro upon the floors of his "Maison Rouge" murmuring something about "My treasure—the three trees." He must surely have been distraught at the thought of leaving his island fortress and possibly a little out of his head; so those who heard him thought he had unknowingly revealed the location of one of his treasures.

The three trees—Lafitte's Grove. Midway down the island, three windswept trees marked the site of an earlier bloody battle between Lafitte's pirates and a tribe of Karankawa Indians. After three days of fighting, seven pirates and sixty Indians were killed. The defeated Indians left the island and never came back. This battlefield was soon known as Lafitte's Grove.

Upon hearing about "—treasure—the three trees"—those henchmen Lafitte left behind wasted no time, and rushed to Lafitte's Grove to recover some of their hard-earned booty. They searched and dug diligently, finding only a few scattered gold doubloons until suddenly one of their shovels struck a solid object buried deep in the sand. The shoveling became more frantic as a large brass-banded wooden box gradually appeared out of the excavation. This was it! Booty for all! Lafitte's treasure!

The excited pirates quickly broke open the cover of the chest in anticipation of the riches therein, but were amazed at what they saw. Only the remains of the corpse of a woman were lying in the chest! No gold. No silver. Shocked and disappointed, they continued digging around the grove, but nothing else was found.

Did not Lafitte bury his wife, Madeline Rigaud, whom he could have considered his "treasure?" Was this what he was referring to on that restless night back at the Maison Rouge? Or was it possible that there might be another treasure at some other trees? Strange markings were found on some trees near Seabrook, where Lafitte was known to have anchored his ships, and there are some people who believe that Lafitte hid a treasure near three large trees on the high banks of Lone Oak Bayou.

There is another story of Lafitte's returning to Galveston Island, shortly after he left, to bury a chest full of gold and jewels at the grove. For a marker, he buried a brass surveying rod known

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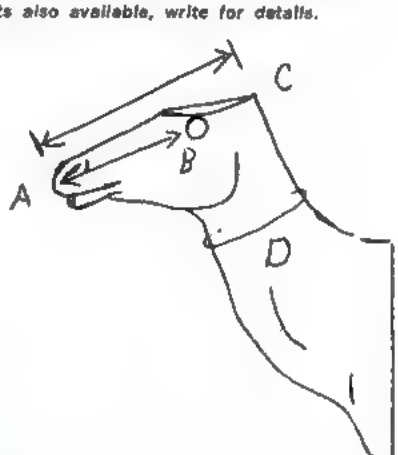

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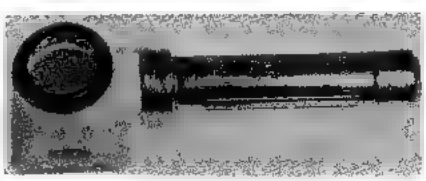

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as a "Jacob's Staff" and left about a foot of it sticking out of the sand. It is possible that the blowing sands soon covered the rod and those who were to look later for treasure at the grove never ran across the marker.

The three trees at Lafitte's Grove were destroyed by a hurricane in 1915. After a number of years, new sprouts grew out of the gnarled old roots, and today quite a few small trees stand at the spot. The grove is located about fifty yards east of Stewart's Road about twelve miles down the island adjoining the W. Ostermeyer property. A State of Texas historical marker can be found among the weeds and bushes that grow around the grove.

WITHIN a short walking distance from Lafitte's Grove, a farmer named Bill Zingleman was plowing in a rented cabbage patch one September day in 1937. He saw something shining in the dirt, and with a closer look, discovered it to be a silver dollar. Scratching around further in the soil, Zingleman found many more loosely buried coins; finally he unearthed a whole glass jar full of silver coins. In it were old French and Spanish coins, and several American quarters, half dollars and dollars. The coins dated from 1822 to 1897 which places the burial date of this cache at a time in history when there was no threat of Indians, Mexicans, Union troops or the like. Just another buried treasure that someone had forgotten about.

There is also the story of an old recluse woman who lived out on the island and who buried a jar full of jewels near her house. She died suddenly from a severe illness while she was alone at her place. The secret of the hiding place of her wealth died with her. The jewels were never found.

Early in 1836, some Galveston Island inhabitants were looking for building materials around some wreckage piles of ships' timbers which had drifted up on the sand dunes of West Beach. They had to dig out some of the heavier timbers and about three feet below the surface they came upon a large quantity of silver plate. Greatly excited, they dug up the whole area and their further explorations uncovered three gold Spanish doubloons.

A monstrous September hurricane in 1818 forced Lafitte's fleet of ships to seek the shelter of his harbor. From all parts of the Gulf they ran before the wind in a race for the protection of Galveston Island. The hurricane hit with a fury that would not allow any of the ships to unload the prizes which had been captured out in the Gulf. The pirates were more concerned with their lives, and hurriedly took refuge in the fort. Most of the vessels were overturned and sunk in the harbor; several broke loose from their moorings and were driven aground on Virginia Point and destroyed there with their gold and silver booty.

The bottom of Galveston Bay still holds the wealth of cargo which went down with these ships and the many other prize-laden vessels which met ill fate upon the treasure island of Galveston.

In the mid-1800s at the huge Jackson Ranch on Double Bayou, there appeared two seafaring men who asked permission to camp along the bayshore for a few days of fishing. Permission being granted, these piratical-looking characters drove their wagon off and camped along the bayshore in the lower end of the pasture.

Several days later, they left the ranch in a hurry—driving their wagon away at full speed as if they were being chased. They did not even stop at the ranchhouse as they went by. Their departure seemed so suspicious that an investigation was made of their campgrounds. Several freshly dug holes were discovered in the vicinity of the shoreline and in the largest hole was left an impression of a large square chest which evidently had been taken out. The two seafaring men were never seen again—they apparently had found what they were looking for! If it were a treasure chest, would it not be possible that this same area might contain other treasures? Only the vanished buccaneer, Jean Lafitte, would have had the answer. His failure to return leaves a mystery as to how much pirate gold still lies buried around Galveston Bay.

LAFITTE, when ordered to leave Galveston, was supposed to have loaded his flagship, the *Pride*, with five bearskins of gold, and sailed somewhere into the back reaches of Galveston Bay to bury them. His ship ran aground and developed such a leak that it sank in the mouth of a small lake. The heavily loaded ship settled down into the muddy bottom before the gold could be taken off. This treasure was never recovered.

In the summer of 1949, B. J. Krigar and Leo T. Behne advertised in a Houston newspaper that they had a metal detecting instrument and offered to share the proceeds with anyone who would furnish them with a good buried treasure location. E. H. Sherman of Wallisville remembered that his grandfather had discovered a sunken ship in Lake Miller in 1883. It was hidden just below the surface of the water, and snagged onto some logs which he was floating down to the Trinity River. Sherman's sister, Mrs. E. H. Clark, recalled her father taking her to the sunken ship several times, and that one day he marked its location by driving a large iron spike into an oak tree. Sherman and his sister got in touch with the two treasure hunters and after a two-months' search they finally located the ship—less than 200 feet from the bank of a 20-foot wide channel which connected Lake Charlotte with the Trinity River.

The hulk of this ship had sunk over eight feet into the quicksand-like mud of Lake Miller. By using a 10½-foot-long pipe as a probe, they were able to stake out its outline. The craft measured roughly 75 feet long by about 35 feet wide—a measurement that could have fit the *Pride!*

John Lafitte of St. Joseph, Missouri, who said he was a descendant of Lafitte, heard about this discovery and came to Houston to claim his right to anything that was found. He had information that, besides gold, the *Pride* also had aboard

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a 42,000-word manuscript written by Lafitte about his exploits. He seemed more interested in the manuscript than in the five bearskins of gold. But while the treasure-hunting party was turning a deaf ear to this claimant, the State of Texas turned the lock on any further digging in the lake.

It seems that the proper leasing procedure of state-owned lands had not been complied with, and the expedition was ordered to stop its exploration. As far as anyone knows, the treasure of gold and history which may lie beneath the sunken ship timbers in Lake Miller have never been recovered.

Across Trinity Bay on the west side of the shore at the Morgan's Point ferryboat landing, a state highway crew came upon some old ship's timbers in March, 1950 while dredging in the water for a ferry parking area. A solid pine keel, about sixty-five feet long, and some ribs were pulled out of the mire. The fact that these timbers contained no nails, but were put together with square handmade spikes, placed the ship's vintage back to the time of Lafitte. Again, the size of this vessel makes it possible that this might have been the wreakage of the *Pride*. If so, the five bearskins of gold and Lafitte's manuscript may still be waiting in the mud at Morgan's Point.

A Spanish schooner was trapped and sunk by the Gulf pirates up Old River, north of Trinity Bay, which had aboard a cannon filled with gold. Lacking modern-day diving equipment, the pirates were never able to retrieve the heavy gold-filled gun. There are stories of other pirate plunder being buried along the cliff-like banks of the river. The many caves and holes along those banks testify that somone is still trying to find their loot.

THERE IS a legend of several large strongboxes, filled with gold, being buried near Barber's Hill. These have never been found; yet the pockmarked fields around this area give evidence that treasurer hunters will not easily give up their search for that fortune.

The vicinities of Goose Creek and Cedar Bayou were known to be some of Lafitte's favorite haunts, and the mouth of the San Jacinto River was used as a place for repairing and watering his ships.

There were no shipyards available in those days; in order to repair the bottom of a ship's hull, it had to be taken to quiet waters where it could be beached close to shore. The crew would then fasten lines to the tops of the masts, and stretch them to a gang of men on shore, who would heave slowly on them. The leverage thus applied would "careen" or lay the ship over on its side. The bottom would then be above water and ready to be repaired or cleaned.

Close to the San Jacinto River careening place was an old river channel, where speedboat races are now held. In the southeastern part of this body of water, the pirates supposedly sank a brass cannon filled with gold. Nearby, on the north shore of Lost Lake, ruins of fortress walls and cannon emplacements can still be found—mute evidence of the pirate domain.

In 1875, an Englishman named John Wight, and several other men came to this area with an old map showing the location of a buried treasure. Everything on the map checked out with the geography thereabouts, except that the main marker was missing. It was a cedar tree with two crossed pegs driven into it. There was no such cedar tree to be found.

Uncle Bill Miller, who was a longtime resident of Old River, remembered that when he was a boy, he had cut down a cedar tree which had two crossed pegs in it, one day when he was coon hunting. He offered to show Wight the location of the tree if Wight would show him the map and split the treasure fifty-fifty. The Englishman refused—hoping eventually to come upon the remains of the tree, and thus keep all the treasure to himself. He searched for many years and finally died without finding anything.

There is another legend of two cannons being filled with gold and heaved into the Buffalo Bayou near Lynchburg, and the deep waters at the mouth of Cedar Bayou are known to rush over the final resting place of several other gold-filled cannons. But the prize pirate plunder which captures the imagination of every treasure hunter is yet to be found —the treasure chests of Jean Lafitte!

Trails Growns Dim

(Continued from page 47)

reach these descendants for about two years.—Mrs. Thurston Putman, Route 1, Box 345, Walla Walla, Washington 993-62.

McGothlin

Perhaps some of your readers can help us find out something about my husband's great-uncle, Monroe McGothlin, son of Marion and Fannie McGothlin. Most likely born in Missouri. He had three sisters—Minnie, Margaret and Paralee Emily. All we know is that he was a rancher or farmer in Montana. Would like to hear from any of his family or people who knew him.—Mrs. H. C. Kelley, 1808 Chaco, Farmington, New Mexico 87401.

Cherokee Records

Many of your readers write about their Indian blood. I believe a group of people who went into the Missouri area which later became Laclede County were part Cherokee. Family names: Lowry, Breedlove, Bolles, Jolly. All of these names are mentioned in Cherokee records. Have been unable to make the connection. Records at Fort Worth, Texas are far too late a period and have found nothing by writing to National Archives which connects them. Perhaps some of your readers know about Indian records.

I also would appreciate learning anything about the families of Tom and Bud McDaniel who rode with Jesse James, or the McLowerys who were killed at the OK Corral.—Mrs. Daniel Byrne, 175 Janes St., Mill Valley, California 94941.

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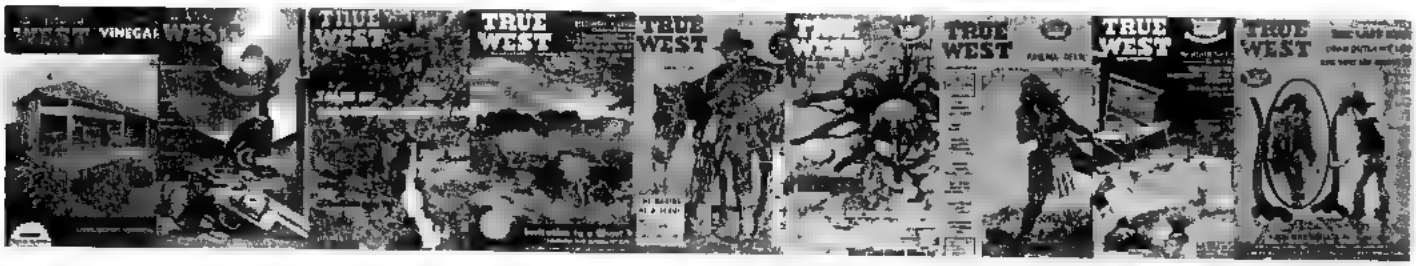

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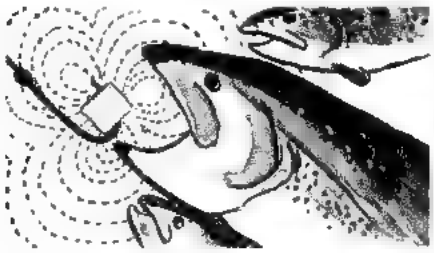

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Renegades or Slaves?

(Continued from page 11)

in. The idea was to throw it from one to another until all had had a turn, and proved themselves. Young Bull was bitten by the snake on the forearm. He ran to us for help. He had seen men die from this bite and he didn't trust the medicine man's treatment. I immediately cut a slit between the fang marks, and tied a rag above the wound. Then Ellis and me started sucking the blood, one after the other.

Young Bull developed a high fever and his arm swelled to about the size of a small stovepipe. We covered him and told him to sleep, that he was going to be all right. If he lived and we were sure that he would, this could be our salvation. The Indians backed off and looked at us in awe. They were sure we would drop dead after sucking the blood from the wound. And when we didn't, they thought the Great Spirit had shown us special favor for some reason.

The next morning the swelling had gone down some in Young Bull's arm. His mother had sat with him all night long. She was sure we had saved his life. His father was also pleased. He gave us back our shotgun, with permission to hunt off the camp area within reason. This meant a lot to us because we would have starved otherwise. Game was plentiful and we caught some fish in the stream.

TRY as we might, we could not come up with an escape plan. You could walk to the high ground and see a hundred miles in every direction. And it all looked the same. Even with good horses we couldn't have made it, so we decided to wait. They didn't mistreat us, but we knew that they might turn on us at any time.

Our clothes were worn out and we asked Young Bull for something to wear. He gave us some bloody Army uniforms. We took these to the river, placed them on one rock and pounded them with another. This took out most of the stains and dirt.

We didn't like the idea of wearing these clothes but we had no other choice. Had the Army caught us in uniform we probably would have been shot on the spot. Many things, we realized later, caused the Army to think that we were renegades—such as wearing Army uniforms and writing ransom notes.

The Indians were fascinated by this writing. Great Bull was keeping us for only one purpose, writing notes for ransom. He worried that someday we might escape and he would have no one to perform this service, so he ordered us to teach Young Bull to write. Naturally we had to agree. So Young Bull reported for his first lesson.

This boy had lived in a mission until he was about ten years old. He had learned to write some in Mexican, but not very well. After about an hour, the chief showed up. He asked Young Bull to write something for him. When his son tried to explain that it would take some time, he called the lessons off. After all, if one couldn't learn to write in an hour he must be pretty stupid.

One night some Apache army scouts paid a visit to the chief. These Indians worked both ends. They'd bring information to the chief from the Army, and take information to the Army regarding the Indians. Now and then one of these traitors would be burned at the stake. Geronimo was captured by this treasonable act. His own people sold him out for a price.

These scouts reported to Great Bull that there was no Army operation in the area he intended to move through. With this in mind, camp was moved to the mountains, the band's winter quarters.

The move took about ten days. It was a slow process due to the fact that most of the women had to walk. The chief had ordered this move early in order to make several raids for winter food. Young Bull kept us in front of the others. The braves kept spread out to ward off any attack from other tribes. All of these small bands were at war. They'd capture Indian men, women and children and hold them for ransom, or make slaves of them; sooner or later they'd escape or be ransomed. At times they'd trade one buck for another, and maybe get a cow to boot.

When we came into sight of the mountains, Young Bull pointed out the place where they wintered. It was up against high, almost perpendicular cliffs. About 500 feet above was a plateau. This could only be reached by foot over a narrow, hazardous trail.

We climbed to the plateau and found it to be a mile wide and two miles long. A stream ran through the center, from one end to the other. This plateau was almost inaccessible except from the east. And soldiers could be held off here by rolling rocks down on them. To the north, south, and west were high cliffs. We could tell by the filth along the creek that Indians had been using this place for many years.

North of this plateau was a green valley about the same size as the plateau, only level with the desert floor. This valley was the most beautiful sight we had ever seen, covered with vegetation and trees, covered with green grass almost knee high. Here we discovered an old mining camp which hadn't been used for years. The elements had taken their toll. This valley is where the Apaches kept their stock, well guarded at all times.

We asked Young Bull to let us live in the valley and care for the stock but he refused; he said we'd have to live on the plateau.

THE INDIANS built their homes along either side of the stream. Their tents were made of skins and poles covered with mud and sticks. They built a fire in the center, with an opening at the top for the smoke to escape. When the wind was just right, the smoke would run them out of their tents.

Ellis and me decided to build our home in a cave. We dug back into the cliff about twelve feet, and to a width of eight feet. We propped this like we did the mine at Fairplay. The ceiling was made from small poles, placed close

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together. We made sure by propping this cave with big timber, that it wouldn't cave in on us when we built a fire inside.

We went to the mining camp in the valley; there we found a boiler and some tin. We made a stove from the boiler, and a stovepipe from the tin. The door was made from skins over poles. Considering everything, we were comfortable.

The Indians never sharpened an ax. They would sit for hours making a knife razor sharp, but would not touch an ax. So the women let us use their axes in return for getting them sharpened.

Shortly after we arrived, the chief ordered a big raid. One morning they left, every available man. We thought we'd go to the valley, kill a couple of Indians, take their horses and escape. We'd go north and stick close to the mountains. But when we reached the valley it was too well guarded by the old Indians. Every one of them was armed with a good rifle, against us with a shotgun. We just couldn't do it, so we returned to wait for another time.

We next thought about going over the mountains to the west. We climbed to a high peak but as far as we could see there was nothing but mountains. So we gave that up, too, for the time.

When the raiders returned, they were a sad sight. Many had been killed, including the chief, and many wounded. Young Bull told us they had run into soldiers and ranchers. And they brought back nothing.

Young Bull called the remaining Indians together and announced that he would lead them; he would be chief. This caused some talk, but he had enough followers to make it stick. He also had his name changed so the evil spirits couldn't find him; he would start with a clean slate. His new name was, as we translated it, Black Cloud. This was well taken by Ellis and me; with another chief things might not have gone too well.

THINGS were quiet, and winter had set in with all its fury. We had killed several deer, and had them hidden away from the Indians. Had they known, they would have taken them.

How we wished for a deck of cards. Although cards had been our ruination, we would have welcomed a deck now.

One day, we thought it was about the first of February, Black Cloud paid us a visit. He was more intelligent than most Indians and wasn't above taking advice from us. He told us the Indians were practically on starvation, and he refused to let them eat their horses. He needed to make a raid, but after what happened on the last one, he hesitated.

We figured he still had most of the gold taken from the stagecoach and suggested that he go buy some cattle instead of stealing them. He laughed at this.

"Who would sell an Apache cows? No white man, that is sure." Then he said, "You, Wild Jack, can go. I'll give you gold." We told him it would take both of us; he said no. "One must stay and if the other does not return, the re-

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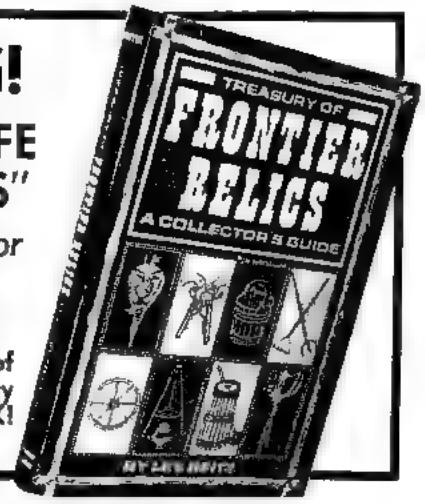

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maining one dies."

So it was decided that I should go. I took several strips of dried beef. Black Cloud gave me, we figured, roughly $1,500 in gold. He didn't have any idea of the exact value of it. The weather was bitter cold, so I wrapped up the best I could and still ride. My boots were worn out so I wrapped my feet in deerskin. We went to the valley, picked and roped a fine horse. At daybreak I was off to the south directed by Black Cloud.

I faced a fine mist of snow. Now and then I would stop and jump up and down to get my blood circulating, then mount and ride. If I had met anyone they would have started shooting immediately, or turned and run. I was long-haired and whiskered; my clothing was in tatters; I was filthy dirty.

I carried a revolver and a few rounds of ammunition, but couldn't have fired if I had to. My hands were stiff from the cold. I rode all that day and when night fell, I came to a ranch. I was afraid to approach the house in my condition and in the dark. I found a haystack surrounded by a fence. I got the gate open, let my horse in and took off his bridle. I crawled under that haystack and was soon asleep.

I was awakened by a voice calling for me to come out. I crawled out and when the man saw me, he backed off; he had never seen a human that looked as bad as I did. He demanded to know what the hell I was doing feeding my horse on his hay.

While he talked, I jumped and waved my arms to get circulation. I knew I might have to kill him and had to be able to use my hands. I told him that I was a prospector, and had lost my supplies to the Indians. I had a little gold and would gladly pay him for the trouble I had caused. He softened when he saw the gold. I poured a little into his hat and promised to stop on the way back; this pleased him and he let me go. I didn't trust him one bit and was glad to get away.

That afternoon I came to a big ranch. I was so miserable I just rode up and yelled. Two men came out with rifles. One asked what I was. I told him the same story that I had the other man. One took my horse to the stable; the owner took me to a shed where a fire burned in a stove.

After he fed me, he wanted to hear my story. I trusted him, so I told him I had come to buy cattle and supplies, that I would pay him in gold. He was extremely pleased at the prospect of selling one hundred cattle in the winter.

I told him that I wanted to go to town to buy supplies. He said under the circumstances and in my condition that he thought I shouldn't go, that I should let him send a man in my place. That he would buy what I wanted. To this I agreed, and made him a list of which I will give part: one tin pot, two tin cups, several cans of salve to kill lice, heavy coats and other clothing for Ellis and me, including a pair of boots each, a large can or sack of coffee; and other things I can't recall. Last but far from least, six bottles of whiskey. The man took a pack horse with him. I bought the horse from the rancher.

I said that I wanted the cattle turned loose in the valley (under the plateau) where they wouldn't be molested by Indians, that I intended to homestead a section there. Whether he believed me or not, he didn't say.

WHEN the man returned with the supplies I had ordered, the cattle were bunched and ready to move. He sent four riders and a chuckwagon. We had a time getting those cattle underway; they didn't want to leave this range. We finally got them started and after the better part of three days, we came into view of the plateau. I knew we had been scouted, for not one wisp of smoke arose from the Indians' camp. We drove the cattle into the valley and after handshaking all around, the men left. They had plied me with many questions which I evaded by lying.

As soon as these men were well out of sight, the Indians rolled off that plateau. When I met Ellis we embraced and both shed a tear or two. We enlisted the aid of two Indian boys to help us up the trail with our supplies. The Indians were too busy to bother with us. That night they had a feast. They danced and sang all night long. They ate until they fell over.

Ellis and me made coffee, poured whiskey into it and got roaring drunk. The next day was clean-up time. We cut each other's hair and beards. Hauled water and took a bath. Smeared on the salve we had for lice. Put on clean clothing. We felt like new men—actually we were.

When Black Cloud called to express his appreciation, we gave him a bottle of whiskey. He promised not to tell the others. If he had, they would have torn down our quarters. Among the supplies was a deck of cards. We played cards until we were sick of cards.

I have been asked why the Indians didn't make us work. We had been taken into the tribe, and enjoyed the same privileges as the Indians—the male Indians. The women did the work.

At long last, spring came. The snow melted and wild flowers grew in abundance everywhere. The Indians were becoming restless and we knew it was about time for the trek back into the desert. Why they wanted to live in the desert rather than here we couldn't figure out. It was mostly custom.

On the day Black Cloud announced the move, all the Indians carried their personal belongings to the foot of the trail. Horses were loaded and the march was on. It took several days and it seemed to us that they were moving in circles.

Then came the inevitable. Black Cloud sent for us and pointed out four wagons headed south. He was delighted; they loved to raid these trains, especially small ones like this. There would be stuff to loot and spread around, and they would pick up several hundred horses and cows.

We told him it was not too far to the soldiers' camp, according to the scouts. And if one from that train escaped, or when soldiers found the burned wagons,

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they were sure to track down the Indians. Many would be killed on account of the women and children. He thought it over for a while, then directed the braves to let the wagons pass unmolested. They thought he surely was going out of his mind. But he knew it was good logic.

Finally camp was made on high ground covered with brush, and as usual, along a stream. They put up a few lodges, the rest casting their lot on the ground. Because the weather was soon to be extremely hot, we built a lean-to for ourselves along a creek. We built up off the ground to be away from rattlesnakes. Only the bull snakes would climb, and many times at night we had to knock one out of our bed. They were harmless, in that they were not poisonous.

ONE NIGHT Black Cloud called a meeting and announced a raid. The scouts had made favorable reports, so they would go on a foray the next morning.

Every available man went on this raid. The extra horses were moved to an undisclosed spot. We were ready to make a break and when we couldn't get horses, we decided to go on foot. We knew the raiders wouldn't return for two or three days, and by then we could be well on our way.

Black Cloud's mother brought us several leather bags of gold dust, and directed us how to reach civilization. "And may the Great Spirit show you special favor. Go and don't come back."

We took our shotgun with five rounds of ammunition, a knife, several strips of dried beef and two canteens of water. These canteens held a half-gallon.

We were off, traveling south as she directed. We soon found out just how soft we were. The sun was blistering hot. There was no shade, just the hot sand which slipped like snow and made walking very difficult. But we kept on. We wanted to put as much distance between us and camp as we could.

We ran out of water, but in the evening we came to a stream. Our feet had begun to blister and our eyes were swelling around the rims. We slept that night on the sand; at daylight we were off again. We'd walk a while, then rest. We were following a ridge which was supposed to lead us to where we could see a mountain peak.

That afternoon we ran out of water and by darkness our lips and tongues were swollen. We had fallen to the sand, when at that moment we saw several head of deer headed south. "John," Ellis said, "they are headed for water," so we followed and soon came to a spring. This spring was cold and was surrounded by trees. We drank, bathed our tired aching bodies, and rested. Here we threw away our boots, our feet being swollen so badly we couldn't wear them.

The next morning we went into the water, clothes and all. We figured that the wet clothes would help us and we were right; they did for a while but soon dried.

We walked all that day, and that night we came to a deserted homestead. We drew water from the well, drank some, and bathed our swollen eyes and feet. We knew the dangers of drinking this water, but we couldn't resist trying some. I killed a young calf, and we roasted some of it, but couldn't eat much. It made us sick at our stomachs.

The next morning we knew that we were about spent. We could hardly rise, but we started on. We'd walk for a while then rest full length on the sand. All that day we would stagger a few feet, then fall to the ground. Our eyes were so bad that we had to pry them open in order to see.

ABOUT DUSK we were resting when I noticed what I took to be a fence. It was the top of a rise. I got Ellis to his feet and we staggered to the top of this rise and fell headlong into a well traveled road. After a while we looked around and in the distance we could see several lights. We staggered towards them. We heard horses coming towards us and we hid in a ditch. We knew that we had to use our heads and not rush into anything that might be our undoing. The riders proved to be soldiers, so we kept hidden until they had passed. We knew if this was an army camp ahead, we couldn't go in. But we could get water and perhaps steal some food.

We approached to about one hundred yards and saw it was a trading post. Ellis said he would go after water and I was to remain where I was until he returned. He came back with two canteens of water; we drank our fill, then fell asleep in the brush.

The next morning I was awakened by Ellis. "John," he said, "take a look at that place." I bathed my swollen eyes, then looked. It was the place where the Indians had stopped to buy whiskey when we were first captured. The man inside would be the one I had sworn to kill if I escaped.

We approached with care; we knew he probably had had time to be warned

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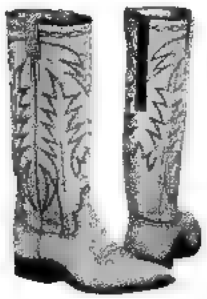

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about us from the Indians. When we were twenty-five yards from the door, the dogs gave us away. The man I remembered came out with a rifle in his hand. I threw the shotgun on him and told him not to make a move. He leaned the rifle against the wall, said he didn't mean any harm to us, he thought we were Indians.

He took us inside and fed us soup that he had on the stove. And after a few drinks of whiskey, we began to feel considerably better. We told him we wanted supplies—two rifles, ammunition, food, two horses and saddles. He seemed a little reluctant. I told him to get a move on or I'd cheerfully blow out his brains and take what we wanted. And he moved.

We carried our supplies to the barn. We had to rest; we couldn't go on like we were. Ellis told him that only one of us would sleep at a time and the other would watch him; and the first move anybody made toward the barn would be the last. He assured us no one would bother us.

We slept three days. On the third day I was in the store trying to find out if he had informed the Indians. "Absolutely not," he said.

The trader had a twelve-year-old boy that he kept perched on top of a hill to watch for dust clouds. While I was talking to him the boy came in and said, "Big dust cloud." The trader grabbed his glass and ran to the top of the hill. As soon as he left, the boy started grabbing food and stuffing it in his mouth. He was starved. This boy was a slave and I made up my mind to help him, if I could.

In a few minutes the trader returned, all out of breath, and said, "You men better load up and git! That dust is a band of Apaches!"

I hurried to the barn, we saddled up, loaded our supplies and rode off. We knew he'd tell those Indians about us. I thought about killing him, but this was something else. Shooting a man in a fight was one thing, but shooting a man in cold blood—I couldn't do it.

WE RODE to the high ground to the east. The surface was rocky and we thought perhaps this would throw off the trackers. After about ten miles, our horses were about to play out, so we decided to make a stand. If we'd had the horses we brought west we could have easily outrun them, but we had to make a stand. In these rocks was our only chance, if any.

We got down behind cover and waited. In our sick condition we left a trail that a six-year-old child could have followed.

We didn't have long to wait; about twenty Indians rode out in front of our hiding place. We could see they were Apaches. They stopped and held a powwow. Ellis remarked, "John, this is it, take as many as you can." That's all that was spoken.

We watched, then one Indian rode out from the rest and headed in our direction.

"Ellis, that's Black Cloud," I said.

He rode right up to where we were, then stopped and said, "Come on out, you are safe."

We walked out to him and stood; we didn't know what to make of this. Then he spoke, "We followed you only to see that you didn't die in the desert. You may go now. You are free."

I asked Black Cloud if he would let me take the Mexican boy from the trader and find him a home. "Yes," he said, "after I kill the trader. I want the boy to see him die."

The Indians rode off toward the trading post—us with them. When we arrived, Ellis and me stopped off about fifty yards. The Indians rode to the store and called the trader. When he appeared in the door, Black Cloud raised his rifle and killed him. Then he took the boy to the corral, picked him a good horse, and rode to where we were waiting.

He shook hands with us and said, "Take the boy to the San Juan Mission where I was raised. They will take care of him." He gave us a bit of gold for the boy, showed us the direction, and rode off.

The Indians removed everything from the store, piled it on a wagon, then set the building on fire.

We headed off to the east, and in Texas we found the mission. The boy was turned over to a priest.

After a week of rest there, we were in fair shape. We saddled up and headed for home.

By stage and train we finally arrived. At first people shunned us, but in a few years most of them had forgotten that we had been accused of being renegades.

Ellis and me was born almost at the same time and have spent our whole lives together. Our farms join each other. We both married and raised a family. If this story changes the mind of one person, we feel that it has not been written in vain.

Author's note: John Blane died in 1906; Ellis Williams in 1910. They are buried side by side in Mason City, Illinois. People visit the Sweetwater Cemetery every week, but very few ever notice the names on these two tombstones. If they knew the history, none would pass without stopping to wonder at the adventures of these two men.

Montana's Twice Lost Gold

(Continued from page 15)

Mrs. Young felt certain her brother had not been a member of the Plummer gang, or an outlaw of any kind. It was a well established fact that many a gold hunter striking it rich often buried what he couldn't carry out safely, intending to return for it some other time. Maybe Mrs. Young's brother had been one of them. A good many such caches were found in Montana before 1900.

Gradually Hocker and Jack's confidences spread to many men. At times a dozen or more searched along Dearborn River. Many got an idea there was treasure buried in any old cabin. All of them were eventually dug out. Frustrated hunters sometimes burned them to the ground. Panning was also done on the Dearborn River in several places where it was assumed the shooting oc-

curred. If anyone found gold, he did not disclose it.

In the course of time Thomas sent word to Hocker that an Indian had reported a sack of something in a deep river hole. In turn Hocker got in touch with Jack and they hastened to Dearborn Crossing. The water that year was low and they found the object. It turned out to be a roll of canvas partly embedded in the mud. That year he searched the holes until heavy rainfall in the mountains raised the water level too high.

Coming out of the Judith Basin in 1907, Jack lived in Great Falls a couple of years. During this period a curious story, beginning as one statement of fact, enlarged rapidly into quite a rumored yarn.

Even today in Montana anyone less than a full blood Indian is referred to as a " 'breed" for halfbreed. If no more Indian than a thirty-second, he is still a 'breed. In frontier times any crime not readily ascribed as to guilt was generally suspected to have been committed by a 'breed.

When Thomas told Hocker and Jack the weird shooting might have been done by a 'breed he but followed the usual custom of the country. But in 1908 a story reached Great Falls from men off Sun River and the Dearborn that identity of the 'breed who killed the Youngs' pack horse was known. The man had admitted it. The rumor enlarged rapidly, asserting that only recently, after learning that the horse packed gold, the 'breed went to Dearborn. After a short search he recovered three sacks of the treasure.

When Jack continued hearing about the 'breed, he took the short line railroad from Great Falls to Gilman. The first person contacted there was cowman Howard. His son, Weston, was then the same age as Jack had been when he first came to Montana.

The Howards had heard the story about the 'breed, and identified him as John La Pier. He was called Old John to distinguish him from his son, Pistol John. The Howards did not believe La Pier had killed the horse or had recovered the gold. He was a quiet, honest and industrious Blackfoot-Frenchman.

Weston knew all the several La Pier families well, having punched cattle and worked roundups with them. He took Jack to John La Pier who lived on the north side of Ford Creek near several small lakes where he and his children claimed land.

Ford Creek runs into Elk Creek which was known as the south fork of Sun River. But in 1888 the La Piers had lived on its upper reaches not far from where the Youngs crossed the Dearborn River.

Weston, knowing how to best handle La Pier, chatted for some time with Old John before saying casually that they had heard he found some gold. At once the old man looked uneasy.

"But I do not think it belongs to anyone today," Old John began uncertainly. "I have tried to find out and have not spent any of it."

Weston remarked that it was most likely La Pier's property and asked if it

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amounted to much. Old John stood to his feet, motioning for them to follow him into the lean-to kitchen. From the wood box he lifted a twelve-inch Dutch oven. It had been cleaned and polished, and so had the gold coins filling it.

"I found it sticking partly out of the ground over near Haystack Butte," he divulged.

Weston and Jack were properly impressed by Old John's good fortune, assuring him the money was certainly his. Returning to the front room, Old John was asked if he had heard of raw gold in a sack being found on the Dearborn. From that, and bit by bit so as not to shock him too suddenly, he was given the story that reached Great Falls.

He did not catch on that he might have been suspected of killing the horse. But the wanton shooting impressed him and he considered the matter at great length.

At last he shook his head. "I cannot think of anyone who might have done such a thing. Certainly none of the people I knew who lived on the several creeks breaking out of the mountains in there."

Jack returned to Great Falls. In the following years he lived in other parts of Montana. But wherever he lived, every so often he would appear on Dearborn River, plodding away in an endless search for gold he believed was still on the bottom. When and where he finally died no one knows. He simply wasn't seen anymore as the years went by.

There are many people in that area who think the gold yet lies in the mud and gravel, loose or in rotted sacks. Men occasionally hunt for it.

The old road crossed the river and passed directly through the village of Dearborn. But present State Highway 287 follows the edge of the hills from Wolf Creek to Augusta above old Dearborn. Approximately eight miles west of the paved highway the Dearborn flows down from the northwest. Making a rounded curve southward, it turns back to the northeast and then runs on east.

In this curve is where the Youngs came to grief and lost the gold for the second time.

Let's Try It Somewhere Else!

(Continued from page 41)

to fear. The Indians were having a funeral for Mad Wolf. They were planning to bury him and all of his possessions.

The Indians celebrated everything they did—weddings, deaths and the naming of their children. They had big dances which would go on for days at a time. One has to live around them to really understand. I can remember quite well how the Indians looked in their native dress. The squaws were always wrapped in blankets from head to toe, and if one had a baby on her back, all you could see was its head sticking out. The men and women had long black hair, always braided with colored strings. The braids hung to their waists or below.

Papa had a brother who lived with us part of the time. One day Papa and Uncle Will had gone to town for supplies and Mother was at home with Ethel and me. She was expecting the men back by noon and was cooking the noon meal. She had just started to put the cornbread in the stove to bake when suddenly she heard something behind her. A big Indian was standing in the middle of her kitchen. It frightened her so much she dropped the pan of bread and it turned bottom-side-up right on the floor.

This Indian was Little Wolf. He could tell Mother was frightened and said, "White woman scared. I Little Wolf. No hurt white woman." Mother was nervous but she said, "Oh no, I'm not scared anymore. I know you won't hurt me."

The chief then took a seat on the floor near the door and said nothing for a long time. Mother scooped up the cornbread and fed it to the chickens, then baked some more bread. After setting the meal on the table, she put a chair to each place and motioned Little Wolf to sit down. He pushed the chair to one side and got down on his knees and ate his meal with his fingers, using neither fork nor knife.

After the meal was over, Mother invited him into the parlor to sit. She had some enlarged photographs of her parents hanging on the wall. Little Wolf walked over to each picture and scrutinized it closely. He turned to Mother and looked at her and said, "You Mommie? You Pappy?" She told him "Yes," and he seemed satisfied. Little Wolf stayed until three o'clock in the afternoon, then went to the door and left as silently as he had come.

GYPSIES were not very well thought of by the settlers. And we had lots of them driving through.

It was in the fall of the year and my parents were harvesting their first crop. Papa had gathered a load of corn and had taken it to Custer City to sell. Corn and cotton were the money crops.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, a dozen gypsy wagons made camp on the side of the road below our house. Near sundown several of the men and women came to our door. By making signs and jabbering in their language they made Mother understand they wanted to buy some corn.

She finally agreed to sell them some and took them to the corn crib. They then wanted her to get inside and fill their sacks, but she refused. After arguing with her a while, the men filled the sacks with all they could carry and paid her for two bushels.

Mother was afraid to argue about the pay but it wasn't nearly enough. She hoped by letting them go she would be rid of them, but it turned out that this was only the beginning.

After dark, when Ethel and I got sleepy, Mother put us to bed and blew out the kerosene lamp as if she, too, had retired for the night. She lay down fully dressed, to wait for Papa to return home. She did not sleep.

Mother hadn't been lying down very long when our dog began to bark. Then she heard music some distance away. Pretty soon Mother could tell it was a

fiddle playing and it was coming closer. The gypsies had returned to our yard.

The dog ran at them, barking and trying to bite them, and Mother urged him on. But the gypsies were too much for him. They hit him with sticks and clubs until he ran back to the house. Mother slipped to the door and let him inside so they couldn't beat him anymore.

With the dog out of the way, the gypsies proceeded to our chicken house and stole all the chickens they could catch before going back to their camp.

Papa came home about nine o'clock that night and when Mother told him what had happened, he was furious. He swore he would kill them if they were still there the next morning.

He arose early, took his gun and walked down the road. All he found was the dead ashes of their campfire, cornhusks and chicken feathers. They had moved on before daybreak. He also found tracks leading into his cornfield. They had stolen enough corn to last them quite a while. After that, Papa never got over hating gypsies.

The last year we lived on the farm Papa stuck a wire barb in his middle finger. Blood poisoning set in, and the doctor had to amputate. With Papa unable to work, Mother was forced to sell the farm equipment and move to town. She found a job cooking in a restaurant until Papa got able to work again.

I was seven or eight years of age when we left Arapahoe and moved to Hugo in the southeast part of Oklahoma. Mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Mauldin, lived there.

When we moved, Mother sold all of the furniture she had brought to Arapahoe, along with everything else we had accumulated while there. All we took to Hugo was just the few clothes we could pack in a suitcase. Mother shipped her feather bed and quilts in a big wooden box. We had to start again from the ground up.

We rented a house across the street from Grandma and Grandpa. Mother left Ethel and me with Grandma and went to work in a dress shop. Papa worked in the country cutting stovewood. If it hadn't been for Grandma and Grandpa helping out, we probably would have starved to death.

When Hugo started to put in cement sidewalks, Papa got a job with the contractor building them. After that, he helped to build a train depot there. Later we moved to the country and Papa started farming on the halves. We lived around the little communities of Messer and Pine Lake, north of Hugo, until Ethel and I married in 1918.

My father, James Calvin Victory, with his brother and nineteen other young men, had originally come to the Territory from Nashville, Tennessee, in 1892. He filed on 160 acres and stayed long enough to prove the claim belonged to him before giving it up and going to Texas, where he married and we children were born.

For the next twenty-five years he looked for the rainbow, but it never arched through his sky.

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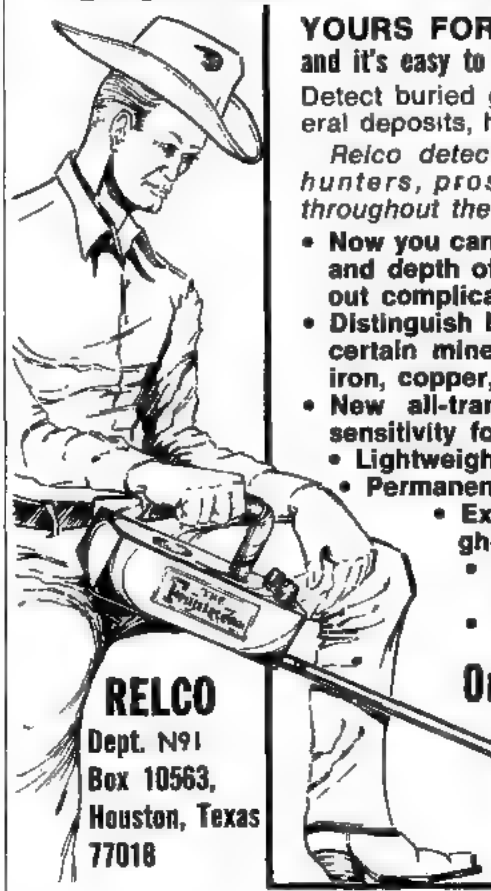

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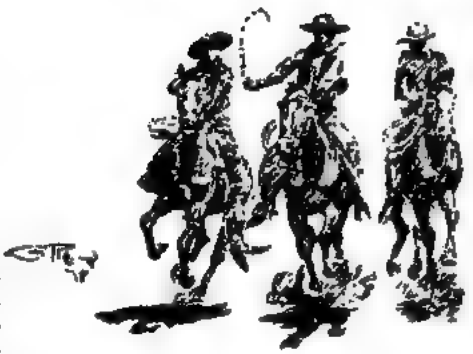

LOST GOLD

Our old *amigo* Harry Sinclair Drago's latest book *Lost Bonanzas* (Dodd, Mead, $5.00) is about the legendary lost mines of the American West. The Lost Adams Diggings, the Lost Dutchman, the Lost Bowie and a lot of others have been written about before, some of them many times. The first question that will come to the minds of some is, "Why another book about lost mines?" The only way to get a true answer is to read the book. No, Harry does not tell how to find a single one of the *Lost Bonanzas* but he does cover a few that have been rather neglected by most of the other writers. We think you'll find it entertaining reading—the author's apprenticeships as novelist and editor prepared him fully to write history as you like it.

RANGE LIFE

R. M. Patterson's *Far Pastures* (Gray's Publishing, Sidney, B. C., $6.50) begins with his experiences as a homesteader on the Battle River prairies in Alberta—these were his greenhorn days and he learned a lot about people and western Canada. But Patterson had itchy feet and was soon off to the North and later to the South—to Buffalo Head Ranch in Eden Valley. There is a fine chapter on "Dudes and Bears" with considerable on Guy Weadick and his Stampede Ranch, cattle and dudes. However, Patterson was an adventurer and even Eden Valley could not hold him at times. This is a highly entertaining book and a worthy supplement to *The Buffalo Head* (New York, 1961) and *The Dangerous River* (London 1954). This World War I veteran and Oxford man can write and when he does so about the valleys, mountains, animals and people of Alberta, British Columbia and the Yukon, he is at his best. Highly recommended.

Century in the Saddle (Colorado Cattlemen's Ass'n., $10.00) is the story of the first 100 years of the Association. It was written by Richard Goff and Robert H. McCaffree, experienced journalists. Founded on November 30, 1867, this organization has changed its name a few times but never its fundamental purpose—the economic betterment of its members. In the early open range days the Indians gave the pioneer ranchers a great deal of trouble and there were roundups to organize. The big buildup of the '70s was followed by the boom and bust '80s. With the end of the open range, fencing problems caused quite a few headaches. Perhaps the most entertaining chapter in the book is titled "Running Down the Cattle Thieves." Dave Cook, famed peace officer and organizer of the Rocky Mountain Detective Ass'n, was largely responsible for the efforts to control cattle rustling. However, the problem of cattle stealing still exists. The chapter ends with comments on some of the new techniques employed by the thieves with the fast trucks and high speed roads of today. In addition to being a fascinating account of 100 years, this book will be increasingly valuable as a reference for the historians of the future. It contains a list of the officers and directors of the parent Association for the entire century and a list of the local chapters with their 1966 officers. The Cowbelles, the ladies' auxiliary, and the Junior Cattlemen's Association are recognized. A bibliography and an index plus illustrations from photos and drawings by Frederic Remington and William J. Culbertson enhance this volume. Recommended.

IMPORTANT BUREAU

The Bureau of American Ethnology, A Partial History (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95) by Niel M. Judd is a fitting tribute to this unique bureau of the Smithsonian Institution which was merged into the Department of Anthropology in 1964. In 1879 Congress combined four independent surveys to create the U. S. Geological Survey. At the same time the anthropological work being carried on in the Department of Interior was transferred to the Smithsonian Institution under the newly created Bureau of Ethnology. Major John Wesley Powell, the renowned geologist, explorer and researcher of the American West was the Bureau's first leader. In his new station, Powell was directed to continue studies of the Indians. He was followed as director by the noted scholars and researchers William Henry Holmes, Mathew W. Sterling, Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., and Henry B. Collins, Jr. The book consists of brief but informative summaries of the work of each of the leaders and a review of the authors, reports, and other publications produced by the bureau. The activities of these men in the West searching out information about the Indians make interesting reading. In addition, the bibliography of bureau publications will serve as a useful guide for reference and further study by students of the West.

HE DREW THE LINE!

William Barret Travis (The Naylor Co., $2.95) by Walter F. McCaleb is the revised and enlarged biography of the hero who died at the Alamo. McCaleb

has written many books for young people about heroes and events of the Southwest. Travis' story is told through the dialogue of a grandfather with his young grandson. Many events that transpired in Texas' early history are woven into the life of the heroic Travis.

RED AND WHITE

Crazy Weather (University of Nebraska, $1.65) by Charles L. McNichols is a Bison Book paperback of the book first published in 1944. The book was also a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. It is the story of a white boy and his Indian comrade who seek glory through four days of torrid heat and a cloudburst. Though each boy chooses in the end to go his own way—the way of his own people—the author treats them as equals.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

home to be on his own—a jack-of-all-trades in sawmills, construction work, ship yards, even farming. But at the age of sixteen or seventeen he was working as a blacksmith helper for Charley Wolf when Ezra Meeker passed through Jefferson, Oregon in 1908 on his way east. He asked the boy if he could get his oxen shod, saying he had tried at every blacksmith shop between Steilacoom, Washington and there, but nobody would tackle the job.

Walt relates that after examining those bloody feet, and even though he had never shod an ox, he just couldn't stand to see them pull out in that shape. So asking his boss for permission, Walter shod the oxen for which Mr. Meeker paid him $20. The blacksmith received $40 for making the shoes.

Walt recalls how happy Mr. Meeker was with the job and of having two extra sets of shoes for spares.—L. L. Mills, Route 1, Box 55, Toledo, Washington 98591.

The Dickens Family

Gentlemen:

Mistakes or no mistakes, I truly enjoy reading your TRUE WEST magazine, as I find so many interesting articles and stories that bring back memories of spending my boyhood days with my grandfather, William C. Dickens, in Carrizo Springs, Dimmit County, Texas. He used to freight with oxen teams and wagons from old San Antonio to Cotulla and Carrizo Springs, Texas, way back in the old days. He's often spoken of Sam Bass, Bigfoot Wallace, King Fisher, and others that he was acquainted with.

He and his father-in-law, John R. Burleson, owned much of the land between Eagle Pass and the Nueces, on which I still have old tax receipts. They're both mentioned in the book, *Texas Indian Fighters*, and both had claims against the Mexicans and Indians who stole their cattle and horses. I wish I could recall and write for you something of the incidents and hardships that he and Grandmother Dickens suffered during those early days in that area, but I'm afraid my memory's not too good anymore, as I'm past the three-score years and Time's taken its toll.

Thanks for giving me the opportunity of reading your magazines and please keep it up; they're most enjoyable.—Paul F. Dickens, 1925 S. Arizona Blvd., Coolidge, Arizona.

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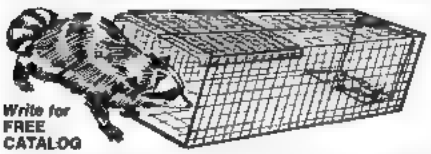

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The Day They Killed the Judge

(Continued from page 31)

to some other county for judicial purposes. Committee members, of course, were incensed at the idea. When the bill failed to pass, a meeting was held by Lake County residents commending S. Y. Marshall, Representative of the 11th District, and others for defeat of the "infamous and nefarious act."

When spring came in 1875, both Judge Dyer and Uncle Jesse Marion returned to the mountains. Judge Dyer continued to work at his mine on Hoover Pass between South Park and Iowa Gulch, and to carry on the work of County and Probate Judge. He also sat as Justice of the Peace at Granite.

Since Uncle Jesse was personally acquainted with the members of the Committee of Safety and had been a victim of their illegal activities, he could swear to the ringleaders. On the strength of the information he supplied, Judge Dyer issued warrants for the arrest of sixteen men. Being skeptical of Sheriff Weldon, Judge Dyer deputized Dr. Dobbins to serve the warrants and to make the arrests.

JOHN BURNETT, a rancher on Brown's Creek, was the first to be served. The Doctor soon came back and handed the papers to Judge Dyer saying that Burnett had laughed and declared that nothing would come of the arrests, as all the men would "swear each other clear."

Judge Dyer still had faith in the law and next deputized a man named Sites to deliver the warrants and make the arrests. Sites arrested Burnett, Chafin and a man named Moore. After making a few more arrests, he met Sheriff Weldon who asked for the warrants.

"I can make more arrests in one day than you can in three weeks," he assured Sites.

About sundown on the evening of July 2, Sheriff Weldon, accompanied by thirty armed men, drew up in front of Johnston's store where Elias Dyer roomed when in Granite. Quickly the mob escorted Judge Dyer to the courtroom. The sheriff walked by his side.

Some townspeople who followed the group to the little log courthouse were ordered back. The mob went inside. The cabin doors were closed. There were no court attendants, not even a bailiff.

By the dim light of kerosene lamps Judge Dyer walked to his desk and opened court. His first words were directed to the armed men.

"Each and every one of you divest yourself of your firearms," the Judge's voice was calm. The sheriff nodded approval.

Rifles and revolvers of various descriptions were stacked on benches near the door.

The judge proceeded to call the various cases but he soon discovered that Marion, the principal witness, and others who had been named as witnesses were not in the courtroom. He knew there could be no prosecution. It was evident that the witnesses had lost their courage. The Judge adjourned court until eight o'clock the next morning.

Without a word, the accused men retrieved their weapons. Then as the Judge came down the aisle they closed in around him and, with the sheriff, escorted him back to Johnston's store. A guard was placed at his door.

"Don't leave here tonight, Dyer," the sheriff warned.

When morning came Judge Dyer was taken downstairs for coffee and managed to slip two letters which he had written during the night, to Johnston. One was to Miss Loella Streetor of Castle Rock; the other was to his father. (The original is now in the Library of the State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver, Colorado.)

Granite, July 3, 1875

Dear Father—

I don't know that the sun will ever rise and set for me again, but I trust in God and His mercy. At 8 o'clock I sit in court. The Mob have me under guard. There is no cowardice in me, father. I am worthy of you in this respect, God comfort you and keep you always. I am, in this one respect, like Him who died for all. I die, if die I must, for law, order and principle; and, too, I stand alone.

Your loving and true, and, I hope in some respects, worthy son.

Elias F. Dyer

A few minutes before eight o'clock on July 3, the thirty men and the sheriff escorted Judge Dyer into the courtroom. Again he opened court but when no witnesses appeared, he was forced to dismiss the accused for lack of evidence. Silently the Committeemen filed out of the room.

For a short time Judge Dyer sat at his desk apparently stunned at the turn of events. Soon an old friend named Hayden, who had seen the armed men come into court, came up to talk with the Judge. Almost at once someone called, "Come out here, Hayden. You're wanted."

As he stepped out of the room, five men detached themselves from the crowd and went to the rear of the courthouse. There they climbed a short flight of stairs and entered the courtroom from a back door.

In rapid succession there was the sound of three or four shots. One bullet struck the chair in which Judge Dyer was sitting. Another one went through his wrist. Another went through the window.

A man named Woodard, standing on a bank above the courthouse, saw the armed men climb the back stairs and he heard Dyer cry, "Spare my life!"

Springing from his chair the Judge rushed toward the door only to find it blocked by five gunmen. The Judge was held firmly until someone placed a pistol behind his right ear and fired. Dyer lived only fifteen minutes.

"Murder!" shouted a man who looked in through the logs and saw the Judge fall.

The five assassins walked out slowly and were absorbed by a group of their companions.

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The few inhabitants of Granite quickly gathered and one declared that he had heard John D. Coon, prominent in the Committee of Safety exclaim as he stooped over the dying man, "What a horrible murder!"

An inquest was held but was virtually in the hands of the mob. The verdict was: "E. F. Dyer came to his death by unknown hands."

THE "unknown hands," however, were known by Woodard who had seen the five assassins at close range. He was not a man to keep silent. Shortly afterwards he was shot and killed while on horseback near Granite. Another man named Hardin, owner of a pack train, cursed the infamous work of the Committee. His body was found by the roadside. He had been shot, and his dog was dead beside him.

A few citizens buried the Judge in the Granite cemetery. Three years later in 1878, Rev. John L. Dyer took up the body and personally transported it in a wagon to the cemetery at Castle Rock, Douglas County, Colorado.

In settling his son's estate, Father Dyer sold the mine to H.A.W. Tabor for $3,000. Two years later Tabor sold the mine for $60,000.

The Governor of Colorado offered a $200 reward leading to the arrest and conviction of Judge Dyer's assassins but none of the thirty members of the Committee of Safety was brought to justice.

J. McPherson, appearing to be Father Dyer's friend, wrote as follows:

> **"Your son was invited to leave the county because he would not attend more strictly to his own business, but on occasion would voluntarily vindicate the character of Mr. Gibbs . . . . The committee have unearthed a nest of fearful vipers. You would hardly believe were I to tell you the particulars of what was found to exist in the shape of a secret organization for the purpose of preying on the people by cattle stealing, taking up estrays and branding them, branding calves that belonged to their neighbors' cows; butchering the neighbors' beef, slandering their neighbors and what not; and then uniting together to swear each other clear; and all this in the neighborhood of Brown's Creek, that robber's roost, where congregate all the unclean birds that have fouled and defiled Lake County . . . . 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay,' saith the Lord. Crimes never go unpunished, but the Good Lord does not always square his accounts in a minute."**

Six years after the Judge's death, wealthy Charles Nachtrieb, whose mills at Nathrop were headquarters for the Committee of Safety, was found murdered on the mill floor. It was said that a nephew of Harrington who had come into the neighborhood some time after his uncle had been killed had sworn that if he ever discovered who had murdered his uncle, he would kill him. For a time the young man worked for Nachtrieb, then one day he quit and went to the

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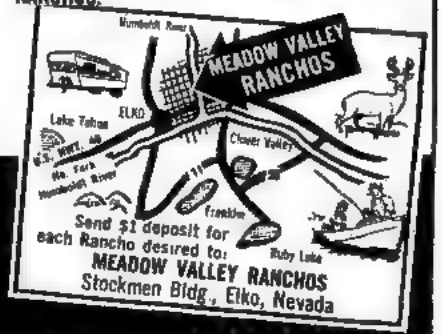

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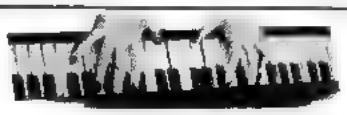
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store to settle with his boss. He was the last person seen in the store prior to the discovery of Nachtrieb's body. Although a reward was offered, the murder was never solved.

It was further reported that one of the Committee members drowned himself; another one became demented. How the other accounts were "squared," or in what time, is not known.

Nobody Laughed When Smiley Died

(Continued from page 25)

which was better equipped.

Wattron accordingly contacted the Albuquerque *Citizen* job printing plant and impatiently awaited results.

The first appearance of the sheriff's notice was in the local newspaper on November 11, 1899. The Holbrook *Argus*, under the heading, "A Weird Invitation," first let the cat out of the bag. "Sheriff Wattron is having fifty invitations printed which read as follows:

> **You are hereby cordially invited to attend the hanging of one George Smiley, murderer.**
>
> **His soul will be swung into eternity on December 8, 1899, at two p.m. sharp.**
>
> **The latest improved methods in the art of scientific strangulation will be employed and everything possible will be done to make the surroundings cheerful and the execution a success.**
>
> **—F. J. Wattron**

"There is a grim humor in this rather remarkably worded invitation. We have no doubt but that the sheriff will do well in his unpleasant task connected with that occasion. Whether Smiley joins in the invitation in the same spirit remains to be seen. His past conduct has been characterized by a remarkable coolness, and as the time for execution approaches, he is losing none of his nerve. He may conclude to assist the sheriff in making 'the surroundings cheerful and the execution a success.'"

THE SHORT write-up in the *Argus* was probably greeted locally with the desired chuckles, but otherwise there was no great commotion, one way or the other. Outside of Holbrook it was a different matter.

By the time the invitations had been printed and sent out, trouble was on the way. The Albuquerque *Citizen*, in whose plant the printing had been done, printed a brief story on the invitation, and officials and citizens who had received the summons also helped spread the word. The Arizona *Gazette*, published in Phoenix, printed the story on its front page, headlining it, "A Disgraceful Affair."

"The sheriff of Navajo County," reported the paper, "who is the Republican elected at last election in that county, sent the following letter broadcast over the country, which without doubt has done Arizona more harm in many ways than would an Indian war. The letter is . . . a disgrace not only to the county of Navajo, but to the Territory of Arizona and should forever put the idiot who wrote it out of politics in Arizona."

After quoting the invitation the article went on: "Think of a sane man in this enlightened age sending broadcast over the country such a notification. It would do credit to some Bowery blackguard, but we feel thankful there are not many such flippant men in Arizona as this fellow Wattron, and if there are they will probably have sense enough to keep still about it."

The news story was picked up and reprinted all over Arizona and the Southwest, and when an eager reporter wired it to the Associated Press the fur really began to fly. Outraged newspapers all over the country were soon vilifying Wattron in their columns, as was the European press.

C. O. Anderson recalled in later years that the story "appeared in the London *Times*, the *Berliner Taggblat* and Paris *Firago*, and they commented upon the brutality of one of the Governors in one of the American Provinces."

Wattron and Holbrook squirmed under this verbal barrage. As letters and telegrams continued to pour in, the sheriff probably wished he could in some way speed up the clock and have the whole mess over with. Barroom banter had somehow turned a run-of-the-mill execution into an international incident.

Various church groups were upset over the situation and President William McKinley, obliged to do something about it, wired the governor of Arizona to express his official dissatisfaction. Governor Murphy, already harassed from many quarters, took prompt action.

On December 8 the Phoenix *Arizona Republican* printed the governor's proclamation giving Smiley a thirty-day reprieve. Under the headline, "Respite for a Murderer," the article deplored the situation "occasioned by the ghastly jocularity of Sheriff Wattron. The ill-timed pleasantry of Sheriff F. J. Wattron of Navajo County has lengthened the life of George Smiley, the murderer, by at least thirty days. Unless there is an interruption of the United States mails, a document is already in the post office at Holbrook which will interfere with festivities with which it was intended to enliven that town today."

The article included the governor's "Proclamation of Respite" which said in part, "The sheriff of Navajo County, whose duty it is to execute the condemned and bring about the just expiation of an awful crime, has seen fit to publicly advertise and issue cards of invitation to the execution of the condemned in unseemly and flippant language and in terms which have brought reproach upon the good name of this Territory.

"I therefore deem it proper in this connection to express unqualified disapproval of such methods so that the people of the United States may know that trifling with the dignity and solemnity of justice is not tolerated in Arizona. . . ."

The article concluded with, "This invitation has been copied throughout the country, particularly by eastern papers, and comments have been made upon it which were not favorable to the sheriff.

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It has been suggested that he is possessed of a rudimentary humor which deserves cultivation with a club in the hands of a muscular fool killer, and altogether the production of Sheriff Wattron has been regarded as another proof that Arizona is not quite ready for statehood. The 'cheerful surroundings' at Holbrook will not be made any more cheerful by the governor's reprieve. The object in issuing it was to reduce the hilarity which has pervaded the sheriff's office since sentence was passed on Smiley. Perhaps at the expiration of thirty days Sheriff Wattron can be brought to a more gloomy state of mind, when the working off of the condemned may proceed with a due regard for the seriousness of the occasion."

SHERIFF WATTRON, by this time, had been made to look like a heartless fool throughout the country; he was alternately humiliated and fighting mad. As he stomped about town puffing on his long black cigars, he was gratitfied to note that the majority of his fellow citizens were unexpectedly behind him.

In a long article in the Holbrook *Argus* on December 16, the sentiments of the newspaper pretty well summed up the feelings of the community: "It is openly expressed here that the prime motive in granting the respite was to gain a little cheap glory for Governor N. O. Murphy throughout the East, and the moral consequences of the act were not considered.

"Is it an act of Christian charity . . . and is it removing all stain upon the fair name of Arizona to prolong the agony of the poor trembling wretch confined within the prison walls, to build up new hopes of life within his bosom, only to ruthlessly smother them and again bring him face to face with the horrors of death within another thirty days?

"Is it an act of justice to the tax payers of this county to heap additional expense upon them by prolonging the time set for this execution? Why not, if the governor's sense of propriety was so outraged by the language of this invitation, administer a rebuke in a Christian spirit, with a heart tempered with mercy, by commuting Smiley's sentence to life imprisonment? This would have relieved him of the horrors of his approaching execution, and probably aided more than any other act to kindle a spark of better sentiment within his benighted soul. We are not vampires thirsting for human blood. . . ."

The citizens of Navajo County knew the sheriff was in the wrong, but they were also closer to the facts of the case and recognized the situation as a rather bad practical joke which had gone very sour.

Wattron was faced with preparing another invitation. He didn't dare produce another invitation in a light vein, and yet if he did anything else it would be construed as knuckling under to the governor and his host of critics. It might prove very difficult, he thought, to have the last laugh.

When the day of the execution arrived, fifteen invited spectators milled around the gallows. Wattron had craftily mailed invitations to the governor and other critics too late for them to attend the affair even if they had felt disposed to come.

On January 8, 1900, George Smiley quietly ascended the scaffold, accompanied by Wattron, Deputy Sheriff Bargman, and Father Dilly, a priest. When asked if he had any last words, Smiley said, "Nothing, except I thank the sheriff and deputies for many kindnesses, and I die a Christian." At 2:15 P.M. the trap was sprung and eighteen minutes later Smiley was pronounced dead by the two attending physicians. He was buried in an unmarked grave in Holbrook.

The *Arizona Republican* of Phoenix, one of Wattron's most bitter critics, commented acidly: "There was received at this office yesterday a black-bordered missive—an invitation by Sheriff F. J. Wattron of Navajo County to the execution of George Smiley, who was hanged at Holbrook the day before. It would have been too late for the recipient to avail himself of the invitation if he had desired to do so. The invitation is not without interest on account of its difference from another issued by Sheriff Wattron about two months ago. Some fault was found with that invitation, which disclosed a hitherto unsuspected vein of humor in the sheriff which nothing but the genial influence of a hanging could bring out strong. Governor Murphy administered an official rebuke by postponing the execution and the newspapers of Phoenix applauded the course of the governor. The invitation now at hand is a sarcastic rather than a funny document. From being a humorous official the sheriff has grown morose. . . ."

IN SMALL PRINT at the top of the inviation, Wattron had noted that the Revised Statutes of Arizona, Penal Code, Title X., Section 1849, Page 807, made it obligatory for sheriffs to issue invitations to executions, but unfortunately did not prescribe any form. "I would suggest," continued the sheriff at the bottom of the document, "that a committee of Governor Murphy, Editors Dunbar, Randolph and Hull, wait on our next legislature and have a form of invitation to executions embodied in our laws."

The invitation went on:

With feelings of profound sorrow and regret, I hereby invite you to attend and witness the private, decent and humane execution of a human being; name, George Smiley; crime, murder.

The said George Smiley will be executed on January 8, 1900, at 2 o'clock p.m.

You are expected to deport yourself in a respectful manner, and any "flippant" or "unseemly" language or conduct on your part will not be allowed. Conduct, on anyone's part, bordering on ribaldry and tending to mar the solemnity of the occasion will not be tolerated.

F. J. WATTRON
Sheriff of Navajo County

The words "flippant" and "unseemly"

(Continued on page 72)

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(MISCELLANEOUS continued on next page)

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Badman of Chasm Creek

(Continued from page 39)

ly interested, knowing that he was much nearer to the $5,000 reward that was being offered—dead or alive.

Chasm Creek tumbled down precipitous boundaries of sheer canyon walls. Its huge boulders, caverns and recesses, well covered with trees and brush, were ideal for a criminal to hide away in, never to be found or seen except by the sharp eye of the eagle—or the ever alert Apache.

At 5:00 A.M. the hotel proprietor knocked on the Sheriff's door to call him to breakfast, as he had been requested to do. When he received no response, he opened the door to find the room vacated. A note had been left, stating that the lawmen would return the following night.

Bob Wingfield stopped by the feed yard at 6:00 A.M. to feed the Sheriff's horses, but found that he and his deputies had departed. All that remained in the yard was the horse of Bob's small son, Howard, and some draft animals of the various freight teams. Bob fed them and went on to his store a block away to open up for the day's business.

Daybreak in Chasm Creek, fourteen miles from Camp Verde, found the Sheriff and his deputies climbing in stocking feet toward the cave where the Sheriff had been told they could find the man they sought.

The only living soul they had seen on their way to the Chasm was old Mr. Sullivan, who lived with his wife at Brown Springs, a few miles below. He had been riding his burro on his way to get a small supply of groceries. Sullivan was surrounded by the officers and was subjected to sharp questioning as he, too, wore a heavy beard similar to that of the criminal. But he was soon released to proceed on his way.

In the meantime, Dave Lewis, with his mail sacks, rode in a high gallop across Black Mesa on his way to Fossil Creek, true at heart and happy, having had no intention of playing both ends against the middle, such as tipping off the criminal as the Sheriff had suspected that he might do.

INCH BY INCH the three officers crept nearer to the cave, making every effort not to make a sound or kick a rock loose to fall and tumble to the Chasm's bottom. Out of breath, they gained the cave entrance and crept to the side of the sleeping culprit.

All at once the Sheriff called out, "You're under arrest!"

Never really able to put up any resistance, the man was handcuffed quickly and a rope was tied into the cuffs. Then they started to backtrack to where they had left the horses.

The problem of how four men were going to ride the three horses back to town was soon solved. The lightest of the deputies took the prisoner up in front of him and his companions carried the deputy's rifle and other heavy gear.

At the edge of Camp Verde, the prisoner was hobbled with leg irons and walked up the main street to the feed yard, thence to the hotel. Once he was secured in a room, shackled to the iron bedstead, the Sheriff came out of the hotel to meet the curious and answer their questions.

There was evidence that the man had lived mostly on small birds and rabbits, throwing entrails and feathers at random about the cave, plus some empty cans and Arbuckle coffee bags. The Sheriff said his bedding consisted of a few burlap bags and shredded cedar bark arranged into a small recession in the cave floor. His one weapon, which he had no chance to use when he was cornered, was a single shot .22 rifle. He wore a beard which would have put Black Bart's to shame in any whisker contest. His clothing was soiled and slick from many months of continuous wear.

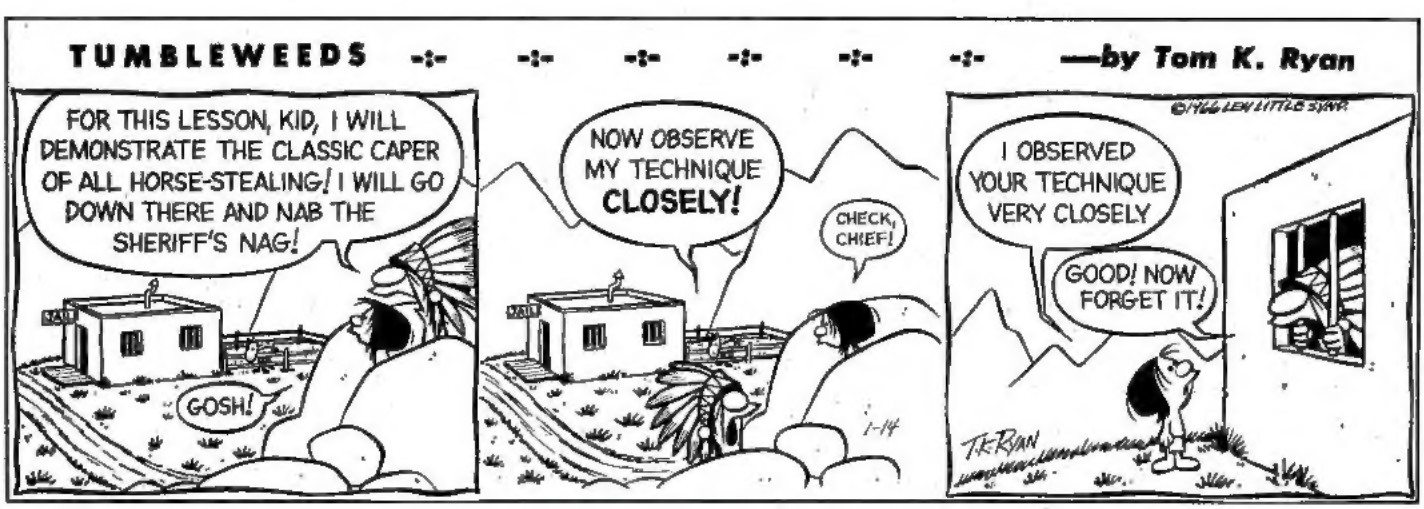
It was never known why Dave Lewis changed to a crossing on Chasm Creek known only to members of his tribe, but one thing sure, he had a number of neatly folded $20 bills in his pocket, his share of the huge reward that the Sheriff so generously paid him.

Nobody Laughed When Smiley Died

(Continued from page 69)

had been used by the governor in his Proclamation of Respite.

C. O. Anderson, the Holbrook newspaper editor, recalled in later years that he "saw Wattron a few days after and his comment was, 'Well, I got a hell of a lot of notoriety anyway.'" But he had, in reality, done much more than that. He had called attention to the fact that, at least in his corner of Arizona, the carefree days of the Old West were dead. For Sheriff Wattron, it was a rather nerve-shattering discovery.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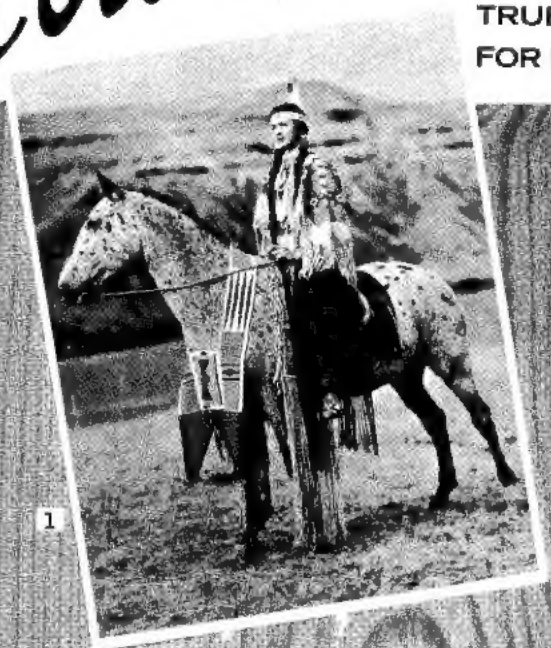
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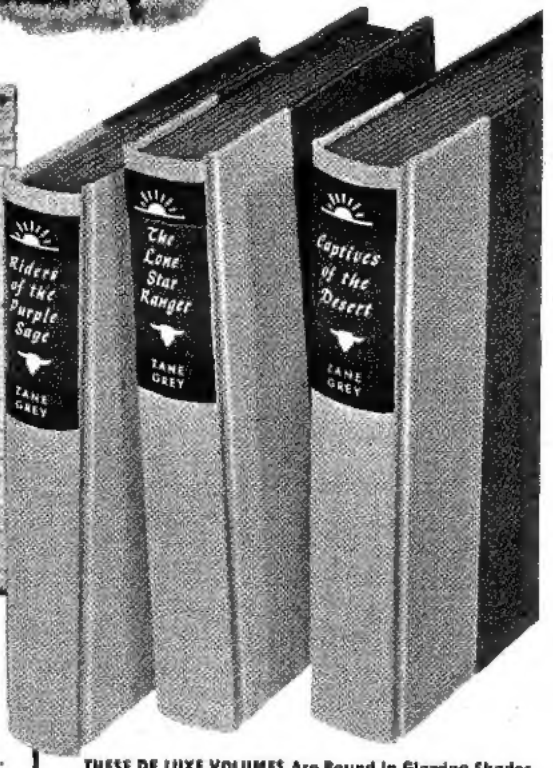

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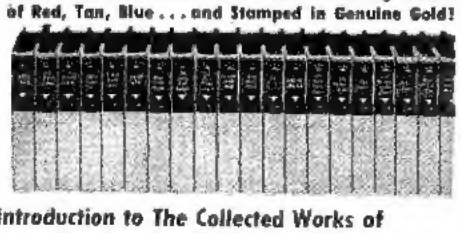

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